

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1848.

COBURG, CANADA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

COBURG is a small town about midway between Port Hope and Murray, on Lake Ontario. It is distinguished simply as being the outlet for the produce of the country around Rice Lake. The banks of Lake Ontario are quite level here, as is generally the case in regard to them throughout the whole extent of this body of water. The harbor afforded by Coburg, is adapted to ships of almost every burden, and is deservedly one of the safest on the British side of Lake Ontario.

The engraving gives a view of the town as seen from the harbor. The government house, with its two wings and steeple, occupies a prominent position in the town, but somewhat retired from the shore. Immediately in the foreground the custom-house is seen, with its flag and flag-staff. On the pier, near the custom-house, may be seen three persons discussing the merits of international trade and foreign commerce, if, indeed, we may be allowed the use of such terms, and may be permitted to make any conjectures about their speculations. Still farther out, and somewhat to the right, are two other persons holding conversation on some maritime or commercial topic. A short distance from them, and in plain sight, may be seen a poor old horse tied to a wagon, and around him persons of almost all ages and characters. To speculate about this one, or that one, or any one of them, would be very great folly, and we can, consequently, do no better than to leave the reader to indulge his own musings in regard to the group. We may be allowed the privilege, however, of saying that the fellow in the boat with his coat and waistcoat off, is, in our opinion, a very marked specimen of cool comfort. He sits there without the aid of tobacco or cigars, and passes time in a style of simplicity that would do justice to the quietest of philosophers. That lady with her child in her arms appears to be taking life in the genuine emigrant style. She is not ashamed at all, to be seen nursing the baby even in public or on the public pier. The other lady, near that sailor on his knees, has a hat of very suitable dimensions, and would, no doubt, enjoy herself full well in the mid-

dle of August, with King Sol looking down upon her in the fiercest of his splendors.

The reader who is given to literary matters will desire, perhaps, to know where the town school-house is. Now, not having visited Coburg, we find ourselves somewhat taken by surprise. Were we allowed the Yankee prerogative of guessing, we should be very apt to place the school-house near the shore, between those two trees, and in the immediate neighborhood of the church. Putting a school-house near a river, or, as in the present instance, near the shore of a lake, is certainly not wise policy; but it is possible that the best selection was made by the citizens. If so, it is hardly worth while to find fault with them, especially when they did the best they could. It makes but little matter where a man gets his education, so he gets a good one, and is not too proud of it. We received our first inklings of knowledge from Noah Webster's spelling-book in an old frame amphitheatre-like school-house, situated about a stone's throw from a little creek, where the boys usually spent the recesses and noon-spells in hooking up minnows and fishing for snapping-turtles. The waters of this stream, I presume, had no great effect upon our intellectual man; nevertheless, the brisk application of the birch upon the back of the physical man, for transgressing the rules of the school by wading in the water, had a most vivifying effect in promoting the action of thought, and the evolution of ideas of correct moral philosophy.

Coburg is in pretty high northern latitude, and while it enjoys the stiff lake breezes during the hot long days of summer, it has a siege of bitter coldness to endure through the long piercing nights of a northern winter. While we are writing, it is more than probable that the good citizens of Coburg, having gathered in their supply of good things for the dull days of "dark December," are enjoying the glorious spectacle of a genuine snow-storm, or are fixing up their skates for a journey on the ice of the Ontario. Much, O how much, for a few moments, would we like to join in their sports, and carry ourselves back to the good old times when innocence and mirth sported in our heart, and when we slid down the hill and skated on the bosom of the river.

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

HERE is a character strongly marked, finely developed, firmly intrenched in the public affections. To mention his name, is to awaken various emotions in the minds of those who knew him—who have heard him preach—who have witnessed his walk and conversation. In some it may be an emotion of delight at the recollection of such moral excellence; in others, of gratitude for the bestowment of so choice a gift on the Church of Christ; in others still, of tender regret for the early extinction of so brilliant a light, in which so many were permitted to rejoice, though but for a season; or, perhaps, there may be a combination of all these sentiments impressing itself upon the mind in such a way as to produce a melancholy pleasure in the reminiscence.

A single character is far more efficient to illustrate moral qualities than a volume of abstractions. You may visit the grave of Summerfield at Brooklyn, behold the cold and motionless marble, read the inscription, think of the precious dust that reposes beneath, wonder why one so young, so fair, so beautiful, in all that relates to humanity, should have died so early, and yet we may be assured that some high purpose of Providence is therein fulfilled. Whatever death may do, it does not touch character, except to seal it. Having accomplished its own peculiar work, it leaves the world to make up its judgment on the merits of any given case. That judgment, for the most part, is singularly correct, as well as conclusive. Many false impressions may be received from a preceding generation, but, with the progress of time, there is a certain moral filtration, which consigns those impressions to the common receptacle of errors. A character of singular purity, like that of Summerfield, could be subjected to no such process. To our imagination he often seems still to live with us, especially when a friend, who loved, admired, or communed with him, describes the impressions communicated by the living man. And many there are who became the subjects of those ineradicable impressions.

In surveying the points of his character, perhaps the most obvious one was *simplicity*. We may take that word, for its present application, in its widest sense. Truly we might say, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." The simplicity that is in Christ is something beyond that which is called "the perfection of moral integrity." It is an element of grace, pure, spiritual, holy; in its origin, heavenly—in its tendency, divine, assimilating the soul to the image of its Maker, and ripening it for heaven.

But beside this, there is a general simplicity of mind and of manner, of thinking and of acting, which is invested with a peculiar charm, and which

raises its subject far above the arts and affectations of human vanity. This was possessed by our friend in an eminent degree, forming one of the most attractive traits of his character. If he was eloquent, his eloquence was native to the soul, not assumed after any exterior fashion for the production of an artificial effect. If, for the sake of illustration, he drew liberally from every accessible store-house of thought, his favorite resort, next to the Bible, was the treasures of Nature. In her school he had studied profoundly, and rich were the revelations his teacher made concerning the ways and means of obtaining access to the immortal minds of his fellow-creatures. Those secrets seem reserved for a few, though the word of God is not bound to exalted genius, or to extensive lore. He rose in the pulpit, calm, pale, pensive,

"And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern the cypress bud."

To see him was to yield the heart in advance, such was the magic of his presence. His letter of commendation was unwritten, except on the young, saintly brow, whose expression betokened communion with God, and benevolence to man. "He looks like a lamb," said a thoughtless youth, who was unaffected by his preaching. That is the idea. A child expressed it, unconscious that the term is selected by inspiration, to set forth the gentleness of Christ, the Master of us all.

To simplicity there was added *gentleness*. The heart loves to contemplate this quality wherever developed. It is taught in the forms of nature. Men have found symbols for it in animate and inanimate objects. The very color of the earth is attuned to the tenderness of the organ of vision, and "the wind to the shorn lamb," a happy thought, happily expressed, on which the popular admiration has seized, and stereotyped it for all future use.

Gentleness in man—gentleness connected with superior intellect and a vivacious imagination—gentleness, especially when combined with energy of character, is one of the rarest and richest endowments of humanity. Stopping at the point where it might degenerate into weakness, it softens and conciliates without inspiring contempt, or even impairing confidence. Meekness and majesty, when allied, constitute the highest order of moral beauty. Strength and majesty may overawe, but the other charms and subdues. It disarms opposition, and makes conquest easy. The "legate of the skies," then, must, first of all, *conciliate*. I do not mean that he must say smooth things, or soften down the tone, or abridge the requirements of the Gospel, but he must gain the attention of men, and that is most certainly gained through the feelings. When the affections are interested, the whole mind easily and naturally follows in their train. It may not be affection for Gospel truth, but, if it be a kind sentiment toward its herald, the door is open, let him

enter. Now herein the young ambassador excelled. So much gentleness—such suavity—such heart-felt kindness for men—so tender a solicitude for their eternal salvation, as to be willing to labor for them, while he was himself afflicted with sickness—to exhaust himself when there was little to be exhausted—to spend and be spent in great weakness and weariness—all this was visible, palpable to the most superficial observer. And it threw around him such a solemn, tender, and continually-augmented interest, as few men have been able to secure in similar circumstances. It enabled him to deal much with the heart; for the spirit of love crowned the labor of love, and many a devout pilgrim followed, as he, in imitation of the chief Shepherd, led the way to the green pastures and the tranquil fountains of the better land.

His eloquence was not of the vehement kind. It did not rush, like that of Whitefield, in an impetuous torrent, sweeping down the barriers of depravity with an almost resistless energy. It distilled like the dew of heaven, penetrating the minutest fibres of the soul, setting in motion the secret and delicate springs of human action, and rousing the dormant sensibilities to themes and objects worthy of their highest and holiest exercise. The brightness of hope, the vigor of faith, the ardor of love, the tenderness of penitence, glowed more intensely on the moral canvas, as it received the touches of that pencil with which he PAINTED FOR ETERNITY. It was not the gift of the schools—it was no result of artificial training—no fruit of elaborate scholastic discipline that he exhibited. His mind was never molded into the forms and modes of an exact logic. He respected that science, but had his own way of presenting the truth, or, rather, he studied the way of the Bible. "His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law he meditated day and night." He studied logic with Paul, rhetoric with David, history with Moses and the evangelists, prophecy with Isaiah, and the art of preaching with Him who "spake as never man spake." His genius, perseverance, and quenchless love triumphed over all difficulties, surmounted all obstacles, and, by the assistance of the grace of God, enabled him to make the most of a brief and sickly life. He filled up the measure of his duty, and thus gave an example to all young men of a similar spirit, if not of equal abilities, which should be devoutly studied, and earnestly imitated. He acquired character, not so much by making that his direct object, as by acting on those high and conscientious principles, consecrated to the glory of God, which necessarily led to that result.

Humility is said to be the loveliest flower that blooms in this vale of tears. With this he was adorned. It was one of the habitual graces of his character—the certain precursor of that exaltation in public esteem, to which he rose with no premeditated effort of his own. The Christian loved to hear

him preach, because his soul was fed; the philanthropist, because there was so much of the soul of philanthropy in him; the lover of eloquence, because his taste was gratified; the man of emotion, because the tide of feeling was certain to rise; the inquiring mind, for it would be led to Jesus; the doubting spirit, for it would be tranquilized; the desponding, for it would be cheered and reassured; the liberal man, for he had an opportunity to indulge in the luxury of charity under the stimulus of eloquence; and, it may be added, there was something in that same eloquence which deeply affected the female heart. Around the sensibilities of the tender sex it seemed to throw a kind of enchantment, which held them in an enthusiasm of admiration, and might be said almost to tempt them to a species of idolatry, the spirit of which would steal insensibly through unguarded avenues into the depths of the heart.

It was not strange when we consider his beautiful imagination, his gentle spirit, his tenderness for suffering humanity, the purity of his moral feelings, and the pathos of his eloquence. Heavenly charity was a favorite theme with him; he dwelt on it with delight, and, as he thus expatiated, awoke in listening bosoms sentiments congenial with his own.

That appeal for the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in New York, cannot be forgotten by those who listened to it as long as memory can be exercised. It was the zenith of his power—his fame—his usefulness. There, it was fondly hoped, the star of his destiny would long remain; but no, it was soon, too soon, to shine in another sphere, equally beyond the reach of mortal influence and mortal admiration. Too soon! That thought must be checked when we consider the wisdom of the infinite One, though we ask to indulge it when we look around upon the broken hearts in this ruined world—when we think of the necessities of sinful men, and of the blessedness of hearing the Gospel thus preached. O, for other such to arise, and tell of Jesus to this sinful generation!

The literary taste of Summerfield was exquisite. And this arose as much from the peculiar aptitude of his intellectual constitution as from cultivation. A quick and accurate sense of the beautiful was in him in great perfection—whether it were the beautiful in art, in nature, in mental development, or in the productions of genius and of inspiration. In the latter, especially, he delighted. To drink of that fount that flows "fast by the oracle of God" was his joy. His *taste* was formed on that Divine model. The minutest filaments, so to speak, of that celestial pattern were interwoven with the woof of his mind. It was heard in his conversation—it is seen in his writings—it was manifest in the pulpit—it is apparent in all his familiar epistles. He could scarcely have had a conception of the corruption of modern taste. How would his pure spirit have been grieved at the desecration of the temple of literature in these latter

days, to see what foul birds of prey flit across her courts and nestle under her very altars! Indignant virtue blushes at the boldness with which modern impostors in literature intrude into her presence, and attempt to despoil her sanctity. They would meet his withering rebuke in the pulpit—"the most effectual guard, support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

Gentle as he was, he would not spare the vices of the wicked, nor touch lightly the crimes of those who would poison the wells of literature, and thus willfully seek to pollute the moral nature of man—who, instead of attempting to extinguish the flame of human passion, render it more intense by pouring oil upon it. To meet this great and growing evil will require the utmost exertions of the eloquent orator, the thoughtful moralist, the practiced writer, the philanthropic publisher, and the spiritual divine. In these efforts, too, they must be aided by the friends of morality and virtue. The press that would give a vigorous tone to private morals and public virtue must be sustained. The last speech ever delivered by Summerfield was on this very subject. It was at the anniversary of the American Tract Society in 1825—it was the first anniversary. He rose, all pale and feeble from the exhaustion produced by pulmonary disease. His heart was full—his intellect glowed with excessive ardor—his soul was all alive with the interest of the occasion—the laying the foundation of a literary and religious institution for the benefit of the present generation, and of posterity. The writer well remembers the sensation produced by that speech. Every feature and every movement of his body was instinct with life, like that which animated every faculty of his soul. He sketched a portraiture of infidelity as it appeared in the keen wit of "the brilliant Frenchman," Voltaire, in the vulgar ribaldry of Paine, and the solemn argumentation of Hume. He then seemed, as with the eye of a prophet, to behold the dawn of a holy literature, in the progress of which the intellect of the world would be illuminated, the four-footed beasts and creeping things of infidelity driven to their dens of darkness, and the power of Christianity triumphant in the earth. And this enterprise was not to be monopolized by any particular denomination. The transactions of that day testified to the fact and the necessity of UNION among all CHRISTIANS of every name. By that sign they would conquer. Six different denominations joined hands that day. None seemed more earnest, more ardent, more undissemblingly glad than the youthful Methodist. The theme and the scene were worthy of the parting words which fell from the lips of one, who, from the first, was a favorite with every public assembly, and, to the last, commanded that confidence, not to say awakened that enthusiasm, which gives its object such great influence over the general mind. It was a memorable day in one's life, to have heard the

dying tones of one whose voice was always music to the ear—the breathings of whose spirit ever refreshed the soul. He stood on the verge of the tomb. He seemed to feel his proximity to the purer and the better land—to realize the strength of the tie that bound him to the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven—to be softened and melted, as well by the tender recollections of past experience with American Christians, as by the sweet anticipation of the more complete and enrapturing communion with the saints in glory. Never will that dear youth reappear among us. The beautiful vision is past. Its loveliness still lingers on the memory. We cannot mourn.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee."

Thy spirit is with God while we are still struggling with the difficulties of our mortal state. But many a pilgrim will visit the tomb of the lamented preacher, who never saw his face, or heard his voice. They who do this will read on the tablet that covers his remains, an inscription, prepared by the writer at the request of the friends of the deceased, one word of which might, perhaps, with propriety, be altered, how much truth soever may be in it; for all idolatry is offensive to God.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A. M.,

Æt 27.

A preacher, of the Methodist connection, born in England—born again in Ireland; by the first a child of genius,

by the second a child of God; called to preach the Gospel at the age of nineteen.

In Ireland, England, and America, himself the spiritual father of a numerous and happy family.

At this Tomb, Genius, Eloquence, and Religion, mingle their tears.

Holy in life, ardent in love, and incessant in labor, he was to the Church a pattern; to sinful men an angel of mercy; to the world a blessing.

In him were rarely combined gentleness and energy of character; by the one, attracting universal love—by the other, diffusing happiness around him.

Singular sweetness and simplicity of manners, inimitable eloquence in the pulpit, natural, graceful, and fervent, rendered him the charm of the social circle, and the idol of the popular assembly.

Upon the lips that molder beneath this marble, thousands hung in silent wonder: his element was not the breath of fame, but the communion and favor of God.

He closed a scene of patient suffering, and slept in Jesus, in the city of New York, on the 13th day of June, 1825.

By faith he lived on earth;
in hope he died;
by love he lives in heaven.

"RELIGION would have no enemies," says Massillon, "if itself were not an enemy to vice."

THE DECK OF CARDS.

BY REV. JAMES L. REED.

"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

WITHIN a hundred miles of the Birmingham of America, within the bosom of whose surrounding elevations are concealed the sources of the labor and wealth of its busy and thriving population, there lives a man, now in the "sear and yellow leaf" of life, of whom it may be said, as Scotia's bard once said of a distinguished countryman of his, "that his eye, even turned on empty space, beamed keen with honor." Naturally of a sweet temper, it has been refined by the purifying operations of grace. From his youth he feared God, and wrought righteousness, and God has honored him. He looks upon himself as in some degree responsible for the good that he might do to those whom Providence brings within the range of his influence. His occupation is one that tells powerfully upon the morals of community, either for weal or woe, just in proportion as the stock that is sold is moral in its tendency, or otherwise—he is a dealer in the literature of the day; but neither the frothy novel, nor "clubs, typical of strife," nor "spades, the emblems of untimely graves," find any quarters in his establishment. He would look upon money made by such traffick as stained with the blood of souls.

There came into his store one day a young man, genteelly dressed, of an intelligent countenance, bearing the impress of that sedulous care with which a kind father and an affectionate mother had reared him. He had forsaken the parental roof, and torn himself away from hearts that felt their all of earthly happiness was committed to the inexperienced child of many prayers. If he did well, they lived; if ill, their gray hairs would go down to the grave with sorrow. Lovely and virtuous sisters threw their arms around his neck, and, ineffectually, with tears, entreated him to stay. His brothers, the partners of his juvenile years, less importunate, gave the unwilling farewell, and thought, with sorrow, upon the trifling incidents that had sometimes marred the harmony that uniformly prevailed in the social circle. How suddenly and powerfully are the sensibilities excited! how actively memory runs over the history of the past under circumstances such as we are contemplating! Who can appreciate the deep solicitude that stirs within the parental heart, when a beloved son is about to make his first adventure upon the busy theatre of life, practically unacquainted with its deceitful smiles, and its abounding iniquity! I fancy I see the young man, like the prodigal, with his portion of goods, feeding his imagination with pleasures yet untasted. True, a little alloy was mingled with all this golden scene of visioned brightness. A small sprinkling of sadness might have been detected in his countenance, yet, soliloquizing, he said, there was no

necessity for so much ado; he was able to take care of himself; others before him had done the same, and his father himself was an instance. Poor, inexperienced youth! the gay world is before thee; its visions of brightness and promises of happiness are spread before thy gaze, and thy unsuspecting heart is ready to take the gilded bait. Little hast thou thought, in all thy reckonings, of the many who have made shipwreck of fortune, of health, of honor, and of all their hopes of heaven! "Westward the star of empire wends its way," and westward, too, our young adventurer wended his. Having scaled the Alleghanies, the goodly land of promise was spread out before him in all the beauty and grandeur that the God of nature and the hand of man had bestowed upon it. He descends one of the beautiful rivers of the west, that winds its way, for a considerable distance, through the magnificent valley of the Mississippi, clothing nature, on either hand, in her richest attire, until it loses its individuality in the "Father of waters," and thence rolls on, until both are lost in the bosom of the mighty ocean.

In its descent, the boat rounded to at one of the many villages that commerce, and the necessities of the surrounding community, have called into being; and our young hero, beginning to feel the want of a little additional stimulus to keep up the generous flow of soul he was wont to enjoy, made his descent into the town, with the intent of purchasing the means of gratification. The first place he entered was the book and stationery store of my old friend, Mr. Faithful, as I shall call him for convenience. He could not have gone into a better place in the town; for Mr. Faithful was not only always looking toward the better land himself, but was heaven's mouthpiece to direct the erring thitherward, also. With considerable importance he said to Mr. Faithful, who was standing behind his counter, "Have you any cards, sir?" the young man not doubting but that the love of money reigned here, as it does almost universally. "Have you any cards, sir?" repeated the youth. "Cards," said Mr. Faithful, "what kind of cards, my son, plain cards?" practicing a little ruse for the purpose of detaining his youthful customer for a moment. "No, sir," said the customer, "I want playing cards." "You can't get them here," was the mild reply. "Can you tell me where I can get them, then?" imperiously asked the youth. "I hope not in this town," said Mr. Faithful. As he said it, his countenance was beaming with a most benignant smile, that seemed as if it had just been manufactured in the laboratory of heaven for the occasion. Stepping up to the straying one, he gently laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in a sweet and mellow voice, "Young man, what would your father say if he knew that his son came into my store and asked for playing cards? Judging from your appearance, you have been trained differently." The young man was not a

little disconcerted; but, assuming an air of hauteur, he tried in vain to conceal the powerful emotions that were at work in his breast. He was a "stricken deer;" the arrow had entered his soul; he labored hard to extract it, and, shall I say it? he fatally succeeded. To the kind inquiry put by Mr. Faithful, "What would you do with the cards?" the impertinent reply was, "It is none of your business, sir." With that he left the store, and went in quest of the fascinating yet dangerous article of amusement. In a few minutes he returned, having obtained the article; and, with an air of triumph and independence, he held it up and shook it disdainfully at Mr. Faithful, saying, "Look here, I have them." "Give them to me, young man," said Mr. F.; "I will put them where they will do you no harm."

In a few minutes more, the young man was on board the boat. The bell rang to warn the passengers and others, that she was about to start, the planks were hauled in, the cable loosed, and the noble steamer was gliding down the bright water, like a "thing of life." "Poor, misguided youth!" exclaims the benevolent heart; "I fear the fatal die is cast! all is over with him! He has broken through the last restraint, perhaps, that he will meet with in his premeditated course of folly!"

The passengers on that noble steamer were enjoying themselves, each one according to his humor; some are reading, some smoking, some conversing, and some are enjoying the enchanting scenery, for which the west is so far famed. A few, only, are engaged in the nefarious business of shuffling the spotted cards. But where is the hero of our story? He is not at the table.

You see not the "smoke that so gracefully curls"
From the end of his fine principle,
As you fancy he sits at his ease, and unfurls,
In smoke-wreaths, the sweet luxury.

No, he is not there. You look for him in that merry group, where the loud laughter-peals succeed to the mirth-provoking jest. But he is not there. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Do you see that individual on the guards, pacing to and fro with pensive and melancholy mien? That is he. I said he fatally succeeded in extracting the arrow; but he could not heal the wound; it was festering at the core of his heart. The air of haughtiness and independence, which he had put on, were only assumed. The arrow of conviction, winged by the cord of kindness, and directed, by the unerring Spirit of God, had deeply infixed itself in a vital part. The hand of good old Mr. Faithful seemed still to press upon his shoulder; that countenance that beamed with so much love still looked upon him; and the words, "What would your father think?" rung perpetually in his ears. He thought of his gray-headed sire, of his saint-like mother, of brothers and sisters, of

"The old family Bible that lay on the stand,"
and the Spirit of God whispered in his heart, "*Quench*

not the Spirit, young man; fly from the fascinations of iniquity." The force of a religious education, the admonitions of old Mr. Faithful, the thoughts of home, seconded by the whisperings of God's Spirit, prevailed; and the young man escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler. What an incentive is this to parents to be assiduous in religiously instructing their children! Though signs of waywardness may appear, and, after all your toil, no bud of promise show itself—the seed may seem to have fallen upon stony ground, yet water it with your tears and trust in God. Give them "line upon line, precept upon precept;" and when they are far from you, on the ocean wave, or in the city full, the moment for reflection may come, and, when it does come, the barriers of sin must give way; for there is a soul prepared for the Lord.

Next to his father and mother, O how our youth longed to see Mr. Faithful, that he might fall at his feet and bathe them with the tears of gratitude. A year and more elapsed before that happy moment came. Other matters claimed the attention of old Mr. Faithful, and some of them might have broken him down; but he knew in whom his strength lay, so he cast his burden on the Lord, and he sustained him.

Time and other circumstances had well-nigh obliterated from the tablet of the old man's memory the record of the transaction, when, one day, as he sat musing upon the goodness of God, a noble-looking young gentleman came into his store, and extended the hand of friendship, in a most cordial and familiar manner, his countenance beaming with joy. "Do you not recognize me," said he to the old gentleman, who naively shook his head and answered in the negative. "Look again," said the stranger. A more scrutinizing look was the result, but memory refused its office. "The impressions of yesterday are with me," said old Mr. Faithful, "like the footprints on the sand, which the next wave washes out." "Well," said the stranger, "you will remember a young man who called at your store more than a year ago, and asked for a pack of playing cards. I am that young man, and I have called, on my way home, to ask your pardon for the insolent language I used toward you, and to thank you, on my own behalf, and on the behalf of my venerated parents, for the kind advice that you gave me, and the deep solicitude you manifested in my welfare. You were the cause of my abandoning my intended course of folly. Now, sir, I want the favor of your name, that I may tell my beloved parents, when I see them, who it was that saved their son from ruin."

The request was granted. The old man laid his patriarchal hand upon the head of the young man, and pronounced a benediction. They took the parting hand, the young man wended his way toward his home, and old Mr. Faithful remained to enjoy the consciousness of having been instant in season in doing his Master's will.

He laid his patriarchal hand upon his head! Yes, and I would rather have felt that hand pressing *my* head, than to have felt the weight of the precarious crown of empire. I would rather have the character of old Mr. Faithful, than all that the Rothschilds possess, and all that Louis Philippe ever lost. The wealth of the former, by the revolutions of time, may take wings and fly away; the latter, by a revolution, lost his crown: but old Mr. Faithful has a treasure that time cannot affect, and a crown that will never fade away, reserved in heaven for him. And, in the course of nature, he will soon be there to enjoy them for ever. Peace to his ashes when he is gone! And let this epitaph be inscribed upon his tomb,

TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. FAITHFUL.

His name was indicative of his character in all the relations of life.

Who will emulate his virtues? I cannot better conclude this article than by the following quotation: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN INFIDELITY.

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BY EDWARD O. MERRICK.
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"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." To this climax of folly the human mind has arrived only after a long progression in sin, a hopeless bewilderment in the mazes of error, and a total enslavement of the heart to its own corruptions. Long did the remnants of its former purity, the yet unobscured traces of the image of God, contend with the spirit of evil and the gathering strength of carnal corruption, ere man's guardian angel took his despairing flight, and left him to sink into this awful chaos. The immediate descendants of Adam, when, in the pride and rebellion of their hearts, they revolted from their allegiance to God, had not arrived at such a degree of impiety as to deny his existence. They degraded that existence to the level of their own sensual imaginations, and substituted for his worship a most debasing adoration of the works of their own hands, or of the perishing and filthy reptiles of earth. Though the carnal mind is enmity against God, it required a fearful development of its corruptions to enable it to acknowledge, even to its own consciousness, that the end of all its desires was to strike the Deity from existence, and to range the sea of licentiousness, unawed by fears of retribution. It required the cultivated depravity of *more enlightened* ages to cut loose from all obligation to Divine authority, to strike at every principle of social stability, and to turn men loose, as a herd of wild beasts, to

prey upon each other till the whole race should perish from the earth.

Heathenism in the classic ages had its disbelievers. But they contented themselves with a mere withdrawal of credence from a system of monstrous superstitions, which popular ignorance and priestly cunning had dignified with the name of religion. There was nothing in the classic mythology to excite their fears of retribution for crimes of which the very gods were guilty: there was no standard of moral excellence with which to contrast their own vileness of heart, and thus destroy their lofty self-appreciation. It was not their interest to attack a system of superstition which imposed upon the brutish mass restraints necessary to society. This negative opposition was tolerated even by a pampered priesthood as perfectly harmless to their privileges and emoluments.

How strangely does this contrast with the unsparing warfare which infidelity has waged against Christianity in every stage of its existence! Nor can we fail to account for this hostility upon universally admitted principles of human nature. The Christian system characterizes the human heart as deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. It represents man, even in the exercise of his boasted virtues, and in his most exalted character, as a rebel against his Creator, as totally depraved in heart and life, and as the dupe of an abominable pride. It exhibits corruption in his loftiest efforts, and exposes his littleness in the presence of the great "I AM." It poisons his most delicious moments of sinful enjoyment by the threatenings of the awful future. It wages an uncompromising war upon the cherished sins of his heart, and points to the narrow path of self-denial as the only way to an immortality of blessedness.

Proud, misguided spirits, revolted from the humiliation of confession and repentance. The purity of God's holy law, reflected in the lives of humble Christians, darkly contrasted with their corruption of heart and life. The rewards of humble obedience, present peace and eternal blessedness, sickened their hearts with envy, as they compared, these themes of high and holy consolation with their own miserable lot of unsatisfactory indulgence, sated appetites, and blighted hopes, with all the unalleviated ills of the present, and the dreadful anticipations of the future. With devilish malignity they endeavored to cut off from all mankind the hopes and consolations which they could not enjoy without sacrificing their dearest idols. They hoped to alleviate their own misery by contemplating that of the whole human race. They aimed to sap the foundation of the Christian's faith,

"And with infernal chemistry to wring

The last sweet drop from sorrow's bitter cup of gall."

Such is modern infidelity. Men educated in the principles of the Bible, have, with black ingratitude, turned their knowledge and intellectual discipline

against the truth to which they were indebted for these glorious advantages. The proudest intellects have yielded to this infatuation, and prostituted their mighty energies to the destruction of social order and the eternal ruin of their fellow-men. Nor has infidelity been satisfied with mere individual victims. She has undermined the faith of whole nations, and seduced millions from their allegiance to the God of the Bible. She dyed the soil of France in Christian blood in that terrific revolution, in which, in the name of freedom from human oppression, she dared to abrogate the claims of the Creator upon his creatures. She erased the name of Jehovah from his altars, and, mounting the sacred fanes, proclaimed, in tones of startling blasphemy, that death was an eternal sleep, and the Bible a priestly imposture. She abolished the holy Sabbath, silenced the preaching of the word, and endeavored, by every means in her power, to drive from the minds of men all thoughts of God and of holiness. But her success was short-lived; the voice of the Almighty was heard proclaiming to this overwhelming sea of iniquity, "Thus far and no farther—here let thy proud waves be stayed." Infidelity was driven back, and the standard of the cross was again raised over the scene of her triumphs. The destructive results of her hellish principles in this fatal experiment overwhelmed her with confusion. Her most infatuated devotees were compelled to acknowledge the necessity of some system of religious belief in order to confine the passions of men within the restraints of society. They framed a system of mummery no less revolting to human intelligence than their defunct Atheism. Under the name of Reason they deified a common prostitute, and exalted her for the idolatrous homage of the mass. Outraged common sense revolted at this demoniac mockery, and its wretched instrument and victim soon gave evidence of her mortality at the guillotine. Expedients were exhausted in vain to stem the tide of reaction. Even the talismanic name of liberty had lost its charm in its repeated perversions to the purposes of tyranny. In spite of every effort the former religion, degenerate and corrupt as it had become, was restored amid universal rejoicings.

After this failure to establish her principles, and in the face of their ravages upon society, she could no longer sustain her assumed character of universal philanthropy. She abandoned almost entirely the field of open war, though a few soul-blasted, unutterably fallen spirits, still infected the moral atmosphere with her Stygian exhalations. But though not openly present, she is still operating by a thousand secret agencies. Seeing that her principles are too monstrous for human nature in any thing short of the vilest abasement, she cunningly associates them with some obvious minor and unimportant truths in order to give them a still more dangerous efficiency. She has corrupted men in high places, and hopes by

their efforts to bewilder the human mind amid the errors of a false philosophy. She is endeavoring to vitiate the morality of the race by weakening its sense of moral obligation, and by removing those influences which restrain licentiousness and crime. She eagerly awaits another crisis in human affairs, in which the moral weakness engendered by her insidious wiles, will not be able, in the perilous agitation of the popular elements, to resist the downward tendency of human nature, and the whole race become enslaved to skepticism and irreligion.

In full confirmation of this we see the world filled with extravagant theories. Sect after sect in science, politics, and religion, by some startling innovation, is attracting the short-lived devotion of the excitable and fickle elements of society. Experiment after experiment is showing the folly of some new system of humbug. Men are distorting facts in the natural and metaphysical sciences, and forcing nature to give false testimony against the truth of revelation. One miserable system has scarce perished before another springs from its ashes. But the leaven of infidelity too soon works its legitimate fermentation, and the character of each is detected before it has gained a firm establishment in the minds of men. Phrenology for a time threatened to overthrow all received principles in mental science, but it soon developed its tendency to Materialism by declaring mind to be the product of cerebral organization. Mesmerism, inflated with its despicable conquests among the ignorant and designing, recklessly impeached the reality of our Savior's miracles, by ascribing them to clairvoyance; but it never rose much above the vulgar level upon which it originated. Fourierism, Owenism, and various forms of radicalism, are distracting the attention of the fickle mass of novelty-loving innovators. How far they are to be successful in misleading the popular mind remains to be seen.

But amid all these hostile agencies, combined for the destruction of the truth, it is the privilege of her votaries to perceive, in God's past providence, sources of assured confidence that no weapon formed against her shall prosper. To one conversant with history, it requires but little sagacity to suggest a satisfactory reason for the temporary triumph but ultimate destruction of error. Providence often permits it to have its full sway until it shall have developed its results, and taught men, by sad experience, its dangerous character. Man learns no very important lesson except from experience; hence, he has ever been the victim of delusion. Novelty and excitement have far greater control of the human mind, than the sober exercise of its debilitated and corrupted reason. By allowing each delusion to demonstrate its own falsity, and by permitting its victims to suffer from their credulity, the lesson becomes indelibly impressed, and will act as a salutary caution against future folly. But the lesson learned by one generation

passes with it to the grave, and the succeeding will learn wisdom only at the same dear rate. It requires but a modification of false philosophy again to captivate the fickle crowd, in spite of the warning voice of history. In order to render the impression still more lasting, the follies of one age are often perpetuated in their effects to a late posterity. Man is thus warned against a blind credulity, not only by the results of his own misconduct, but also by the miseries entailed upon him by his ancestors.

But the Almighty never permits error to obtain the mastery of the human mind without providing agencies fully competent for its overthrow. Nay, every system of falsehood bears within its bosom the germ of its own destruction. It lacks the only element which will enable it to resist the constant fluctuation of human opinions. This element is truth. Hence, the monstrous system of Atheism, from which all truth is excluded, enjoyed but an ephemeral dominion. History has shown the vitality of religious systems to be in direct proportion to the amount of truth embraced in their organization. But the human mind, though naturally it loves the truth, is by no means infallible in its perceptions. It has become weakened by the fall, and is subject to a thousand disturbing influences. Hence, it has been and still is liable to countless and fatal deceptions. When its repeated failures shall have taught it to distrust its own powers, and the power of the Gospel has humbled its pride, disarmed its hostility, and disposed it for a docile reception of the truth, then may we expect an era in mental progress marked by the most decisive and glorious results. This may not be until after still more glaring aberrations, but we have the word of God pledged for the final triumph of the truth. The eye of faith sees beyond the gloomy prospect of the present the entire fulfillment of every promise in the Bible. The Christian heart exults in the consciousness that there is, in the arm of God, a power ample for deliverance from every error.

MOONLIGHT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY FLORENCE.

THE reader who has ever read Byron's minor pieces will recollect, doubtless, his lines on the moonlight of midnight in Persia, commencing with,

"'Twas midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shone brightly down;
Blue rolled the ocean—blue the sky,
Hung like a curtain stretched on high."

These, and the lines which complete his description, are very fine; they place the reader in the midst of enchanted scenes, and almost make him think himself the inhabitant of another world. Not less fine, I think, are the lines, in prose, of a modern American author while sailing on the St. Lawrence:

"It was a beautiful night. The light lay sleeping
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on the waters like a white mist. The boat, on whose deck I was promenading, was threading the serpentine channel of the 'Thousand Isles,' more like winding through a wilderness than following the passage of a great river. The many thousand islands clustered in this part of the St. Lawrence, seem to realize the mad girl's dream when she visited the stars, and found them

'Only green islands sown thick in the sky.'

Nothing can be more like fairy land than sailing among them on a summer's evening. They vary in size from a quarter of a mile in circumference to a spot just large enough for one solitary tree, and are at different distances, from a bowshot to a gallant leap, from each other. The universal formation is a rock of horizontal stratum; and the river, though spread into a lake by innumerable divisions, is almost embowered by the luxuriant vegetation which covers them. There is everywhere sufficient depth for the boat to run directly alongside; and, with the rapidity and quietness of her motion, and the near neighborhood of the trees, which may be almost touched, the illusion of aerial carriage over land is, at first, almost perfect. The passage through the more intricate parts of the channel is, if possible, still more beautiful. You shoot into narrow passes, where you could spring on shore on either side, catching, as you advance, hasty views to the right and left, through long vistas of islands, or, running round a projecting point of rock or woodland, open into an apparent lake, and, darting rapidly across, seem running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the channel.

"The night, as I said, was beautiful. The water was clear, and in itself a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into distinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well-defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as movable. In more terrestrial company than the *Lady Viola's*, our hero might have fancied himself in the regions of the upper air; but as he leaned over the taffarel, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees, as the approach of the boat broke them, one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh water river in the good steamboat '*Queenston*.'"

The English boast of the scenery of the Rhine, and the mountains of Northumberland and Wales, and, perhaps, they are pardonable in an indulgence of their pride in this respect. Our own countryman, Washington Irving, has spoken in terms of almost boundless rapture of certain scenes in Spain, and, perhaps, he, too, is right in his descriptions; but we of America do not deem it at all egotistic or ostentatious to say that we have some of the finest if not the very finest natural scenery in the world.

MORIANA.

BY ERWIN HOUSE, A. M.

AMBITION.

"AMBITION is avarice of air," says Dr. Young; and there is a vast deal of meaning in the expression; yet it can scarcely be doubted that a man may be ambitious, and at the same time be actuated by a lofty feeling of the soul. A man may, and ought to be, ambitious of the favorable regards of his fellow-men; and, unless he is, there is something seriously wrong about his heart and character. Great minds seldom trouble themselves about cotemporaneous applause; yet they would, no doubt, be willing to receive it if bestowed. Little minds are always in distress, because unbounded praise is not bestowed upon them and upon their efforts. Milton is an example of the former class. He neither aspired to present applause, nor did he expect it. "My ambition," said he, "is to leave something so written, to after ages, that they shall not willingly let it die." Cato, also, is another illustration. "I would much rather," observed he, "that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to me, than *why they were*."

BOOKS.

Books are man's best friends. He forms their acquaintance in early life. They follow him from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, and through all the vicissitudes of life. Other friends may smile while the smile of fortune is on them, but when darkness comes they are gone. But books stay with us when all other friends flee us. They follow us through every lane of life. Whether at home or abroad, whether on the sea or on the land, whether in sickness or in health, whether in prosperity or adversity, they are still by our side, ready to comfort, to console, and to instruct. But there is a book—the book of God—which is better than all others. It is alone the true friend for childhood, for youth, for manhood, and for age. It alone teaches us the will of Heaven, the way of life, the way of salvation, the way of holiness, and the way of everlasting happiness.

CHRISTIANITY.

"I am living," said Voltaire, "in the twilight of Christianity." And perhaps he was, but it was the twilight of its morning; and its sun has risen, since the poor infidel's death, to its meridian splendor. "I have now got through with these books of the Old Testament," said Thomas Paine to an accomplice in infidelity: "I have cut my way through them as a woodman cuts his way through a wood, leveling them as he goes, and clearing out a path. Here they are: the priests, if they please, may plant them; but *they will never grow*." Alas, poor Paine! instead of Christianity being dead, and the Bible destroyed, the reign of both has extended almost over

the whole earth, since the utterance of thy blasphemy. Christianity is an impregnable fortress, situated on the summit of an everlasting rock. The wind of infidelity may have, at times, carried off the sand and the straw at the base of the rock, but the fortress itself stands secure, and there it will stand, fair in all its proportions, glorious in the eyes of its friends, terrific to the gaze of its enemies, but firm against all the storms that can possibly assail it.

DESPONDENCY.

Life is not all sunshine. Hope is not for ever to be our singer here. Clouds and gloom will come; but never despair. Though life seem dark before you, though adversity come upon you, though friends forsake you, and though death stare you full in the face, still never despair. There is a star—the star of Bethlehem, whose light is never quenched—bright diadem in the heavens above: there is an inheritance that will never fade away, for ever yours: there is a Friend whose eye is always over you, whose voice will ever cheer you, whose aid will ever sustain you, and whose hand will guide you safely to the land of rest.

ETERNITY.

There is something of terrible import in the word eternity. It is a duration without beginning of days or end of years. It is an ocean fathomless in depth and shoreless in extent. The mariner upon the ocean in this world may sound the waters beneath him, and ascertain their utmost depths, or turning his vessel with the wind, he may reach the opposite coast. But no adventurer has ever left the shore of time and returned with tidings of the limits of the ocean of eternity. He may sail on and sail on, but he is still out to sea, with infinity and eternity before him. No shore, no hope of a shore, in all his wanderings—eternity, shoreless, endless, fathomless eternity—this is all he can feel—all he can know.

The man who has suffered a succession of years, in this world, with some dreadful malady, has wished, perhaps, for death as the termination of his sufferings. But there is no death beyond the grave. The sufferer of eternity may wish, but wish in vain for an end to his miseries. Not days, nor weeks, nor months, nor years, but myriads of years and ages are to be spent by him in torment. There is no mitigation coming to him. There is no upward flash of hope—no bursting forth of heaven and happiness.

"Farewell, happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor!"

FRAILTY OF LIFE.

When we first set out in the journey of life, we bid defiance to the evil day, and promise ourselves long years of bliss and sunny skies. But experience soon convinces us of our error: we awake and find it all a dream. We make only a few steps in real

life before we find it one of turbulence and sorrow. Our hopes are frequently blasted in the bud—our designs defeated at the very moment when we were about to execute them. Just as we have comfortably situated ourselves, just when our friends are beginning to caress us, and just as we are beginning to appreciate and reciprocate their kindness, an unexpected stroke falls upon us, and our hopes, our schemes, and our expectations, are all laid low in the dust.

"This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls."

GENERAL READING.

It is becoming quite fashionable of late to talk about the utility of novels in giving tone, or, rather, amusement and relaxation to the jaded mind. This may be deemed logical by some, but it would be melancholy for a sane mind to acknowledge its truth. The world abounds with works, not in themselves strictly fictitious, which will afford all necessary relaxation to the weary mind; and the man who will pass by these, and consume his time in novel-reading, will, in a very brief space of time, spend all his hours in such employ. To object to the reading of all works of fiction, would be unjust; for some of them are productions of the finest minds, and abound with the purest sentiments. Discrimination, if accurately applied, will tell which are bad and which are good; but it is impossible for a novice in literature to apply this discrimination. Hence, he had much better let the work of reading fictions alone. History, biography, travels, poetry, and a thousand other things of truth, will give all the relaxation and vigor, to an exhausted intellect, that may be wanting.

HAPPINESS.

You cannot be happy, and be sinful too. The thing is impossible. There is a painful remorse perpetually living within the impenitent heart. It cannot rest. A pent-up fire rages through all its parts. But remorse, when blended with the fear of punishment, inflicting a sting of deeper agony, constitutes the supreme wretchedness of the soul. The voice of conscience may be drowned by the confused noise of all the selfish passions, while life is made a holyday, and the chambers of the soul are filled with song, and dance, and boisterous mirth. But conscience, though abused, will not always sleep. Lucid intervals of thought will come, and then reproaches will begin, and that abused power, arising in its strength, like a giant refreshed with rest, will fall upon the soul with the weight of a mountain. "Doctor," said the dying Randolph to his physician, "doctor, have you an English dictionary here?" "No," replied the physician, "I have not." "Then write it,"

rejoined the sufferer; "take up that card, and write on it, with your pencil, that word, *remorse*." On its being shown to him, he exclaimed, "Turn it over, and write it more plainly on the other side. That will do. Yes, remorse! that is the word! O, *remorse!* REMORSE!"

INSTABILITY OF ALL EARTHLY THINGS.

There is something awfully impressive in the perpetual and rapid flow of the stream of time. To eternity it tends, like a river to the ocean. Men, families, nations, float upon its surface, and are soon lost in that abyss whose depths are fathomless, and in whose mists no wreck is ever visible.

What is man, what his beauty, and what his power? "All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the fields." See that flower yonder! How swift its growth! how delicate its form! how elegant its colors! and how exquisite its fragrance! But the wind passes over it, and it is gone. Just such is human life. Fair and delicate in youth—indeed, attracting the attention of all around, but, like the flower, liable every moment to destruction and death.

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And softer than the virgin rose;
Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away."

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The thunder-storm is solemn. The lightnings shoot across the sky "like arrows;" the thunder rolls its peals of dread artillery, startling the nations of the earth; but that thunder is nothing to the far-resounding crash, louder than ten thousand thunders, which shall pierce to the deepest graves, and which all the dead shall hear.

The sea tempest is solemn. The winds howl in unearthly tones above the waves, and the waves themselves rise in mountain height, and dash both navies and armaments to atoms upon the shore. But the loudest storm that ever lashed the ocean, will be as nothing to the commotion when God shall not suffer its proud waves to be stayed, and when, causing it to break over its ancient barriers, he shall suffer the great channels to be emptied, and every abyss to be made dry.

The earthquake is solemn. How many, at the still hour of night, have been startled by the rocking of the earth beneath them, and have sunk without a warning voice to remediless ruin! But the earthquake now is nothing to the giant tread of that earthquake which shall be felt when, every principle of attraction being destroyed, the solid globe shall be dissolved, and heaved into chaos and destruction.

The volcano is solemn. Its lurid fires, its devouring lava, and its flying ashes, overtake and imbed in ruin all the inhabitants around. But the fires of the

volcano are nothing to that conflagration which will consume all the palaces, and dwellings, and citadels, and nations of the earth.

Yes, reader, the judgment day is a solemn day. Your ears must hear and your eyes must see its desolations. Then you must hear the welcome plaudit, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," or be saluted with that dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" Are you willing to trifle on now, and enjoy the vanities of time, and at last take up with endless perdition? Think of that wrath, one flake of which falling upon you must consume you; and think, too, that it will then be too late to exclaim, "Rocks and mountains fall upon us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb!" And though you may think to conceive of the sternness of the Judge, and though you may hope to bear up under the vengeance of the Almighty, think of that hell which is reserved for you, of which you made free choice, and which shuts you up with demons and damned souls for ever and ever.

KINDNESS.

Try to be kind. It is just as easy to treat your neighbor with civility as it is to treat him with coldness and austerity. If a man does wrong, and, by false accusations, endeavors to injure your character, still treat him kindly. Sour looks and sour words will do neither of you any good. Let him have his way if he must, but, so far as you are concerned, keep a mild and indulgent spirit in you. Hard words and cross faces will not help you much through this world, but kind words and constant smiles will guide you gently and happily along, bring you in many friends, make life a paradise, and smooth your pillow in a dying hour.

LOVE OF THE WORLD.

It is certainly one of the anomalies of human nature, that, while confession is made by the Christian of the emptiness of earthly treasures, he is continually exerting himself to accumulate every thing in the world. Money—money still is his motto. He grasps this and he grasps that thing. He adds house to house, farm to farm, inheritance to inheritance, and that, too, while he pretends to be a pilgrim and a stranger here—having no abiding place, but seeking a city out of sight. O, what harmony of Christian character is here! What better are thousands of us than mere worldlings, who have their portion in this life, and who care nothing about the interests of the future life? We have—some of us at least—the form of religion; but where is the power? It is strange, very strange, that we are even allowed to be called Christians, so little of the spirit of Christ have we.

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?"

MUSIC.

Mrs. Sigourney relates an incident of a New England family, whose members were remarkably affectionate and attentive to each other's welfare, and assigns, as a cause, the fact that all of them were singers, and joined daily at this exercise of worshipping God. There is a great deal of truth in this circumstance, and there can be but little doubt that were we all to cultivate music in our families, even were it only during the hours that we spend in senseless and unprofitable conversation, we should find ourselves serious gainers by the practice. Shakspeare understood human nature very well, and he spoke the truth when he said,

"The soul that hath no music in it,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

NECESSITY OF ACTIVE LIFE.

You are alive now, but you do not know how long you shall live, or how soon you may be in your grave. Your eye will soon cease to sparkle, your tongue to speak, your cheek to glow, and your hands and feet to move. For what is your life? At best it is a vapor vanishing into the air—a dream—a tale that is told—a hand's breath—nothing before God, and altogether vanity. Up, then, reader, up to active life. The day will soon be gone, and the night will as soon be upon you; and then, prepared or unprepared, you must go into the presence of your Judge, there to render up an impartial account of all the acts of your past life.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

The present generation has gained the unenviable name of being worse than the preceding one. Perhaps this may be true in part if not in whole; for we have some exceedingly sorry cases of filial obedience at the present time. Respect for parents and superiors is almost out of date, and almost every boy and girl is becoming disposed to treat with indifference, if not outright contempt, any thing and every thing which may be offered him for his conduct and behavior in life. But let such boys and such girls, and older persons too, remember that no man was ever yet respected and beloved by society who despised the commands of either his father or mother. He who would be great must be great at home: he who would be beloved must love and be beloved by his parents. Disrespect to parents and honor abroad are incompatible and impossible things.

POVERTY.

Riches constitute the various distinctions in life. Men of the world may talk as they please about honest worth, moral loveliness, and true merit; but it is nothing with them but mere talk after all. Merit may help itself, for all them, and go down unnoticed to the grave. They look for and call him the man of merit who has his houses and lands, and his thousands and tens of thousands of money. But, seriously, has poverty any tendency to demean human

nature, and to make a man unhappy? Experience and observation would answer negatively. A lady, in England, of over seventy years of age, who had long been an Israelite indeed, was called, in the providence of God, to spend her last days in a poor-house. She was visited one day by a minister of the Wesleyan connection; and while in conversation with her on the comforts and rewards of religion, he observed an unusual brightness glistening from her eye. Calling her by name, he said, "Will you tell me what thought was passing through your mind that made you appear so joyful?" "O," said she, "I was just thinking what a change it would be from the poor-house to heaven!"

QUARRELING.

One of the easiest, simplest, commonest, foolish things in this world is quarreling, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child. Any kind of a pretext or provocation will do to begin with, and any kind of an excuse will seem to cover up any violent or unusual display of inhuman feeling. Two men come together. One calls the other a fool. The other denies it. The former reasserts; the latter reaffirms. Blows follow next: wounds and bruises are the result; and previously good friendship is for ever broken. How much better for all men to be merciful and forgiving in disposition, and how much better for all to weep over rather than resent the insults of a sinful fellow-worm!

REPROOF.

Giving reproof of any kind is very delicate business, and causes, but too frequently, bitter feelings toward him who reproves. It requires a heart sanctified by grace to hear all our faults mentioned and remain unmoved. It is related of Tasso, the celebrated author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, that when his reputation was rapidly extending through Italy, he was visited by his father, who urged him strongly to give his attention to something beside mere poetry and philosophy, and thus make himself useful to mankind. The father repeated his remonstrances, while the son remained unmoved. At last the former said, "And of what use, after all, is your philosophy and your religion?" "They help me," replied the latter, "to bear meekly the harshness of your rebuke."

SELF-COMMAND.

Very few people learn to govern themselves in any relation of life, and very few of those who are reckless care what others may think of them for any indulgence in passion. Let him who is inclined to irritation or anger, imitate the example of one of the kings of Syria. Overhearing, one day, some of his courtiers speaking disparagingly of his character, instead of ordering them to appear in his presence and account for their insolence, he quietly remarked, "Gentlemen, please oblige me, while talking secrets among yourselves, to remove a short distance from my tent."

THE TRUE MINISTER OF CHRIST.

No man can ever become a good and faithful minister of the Gospel, who does not feel his responsibilities in regard to another world. He must realize that he is an ambassador for God, commissioned by him to preach the word; "to be instant in season and out of season; to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and patience." Such a one will strive to obtain deep and correct views of the immortal soul; the danger of its being lost; if lost, the eternity of misery it must endure, and the probability that upon his neglect the loss of that soul may be attached. These things come upon his heart in the greatest vividness and reality, and he adopts, as his motto:

"Careless myself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem;
Happy, my God, if thou approve,
Though all the world condemn."

UNBELIEF.

About nineteen-twentieths of all the practical impiety of the present age, or, rather, *all* of the formal religion just now current, may be traced to simple infidelity, or unbelief. The man who sincerely believes God's word, is not the man who goes to church once or twice a month, or half a dozen times a year, as he feels, but it is the man who feels that God will do as he has promised, and that those that wait upon him in faith will have their strength renewed. Let every Christian believe fully what God has said, and very soon we shall see a different state of affairs in society.

VANITY.

Men of talent, as well as fools, have enough of vanity; and it is amusing to witness how they will show it. Some do it by a supercilious and haughty air; others by a hypercritical and pretendedly just estimate of other men's characters, and a third class by an indirect yet constant reference to their own greatness. No man ever gained any thing by pretending to be what he was not; and no man can safely and pleasantly get through the world, without keeping himself tolerably well depressed in the depths of humility.

WESLEY.

Dr. Southey was an idle visionist in early youth, and wrote a vast variety of foolish poems, such as *Wat Tyler*, *Botany Bay Eclogues*, etc.; but finding these rather unprofitable things, he thought to fill his pockets, and to add to his own reputation, by defaming the fair fame of another. Hence his *Life of Wesley*, the founder of Methodism, a biography throughout of the most partial, unjust, and ungenerous character, and which, even according to the testimony of one of his admirers, "was written only for money." The character of Wesley, however, for honesty, piety, and true greatness of soul, is too well established to be shaken by the puny blowings of any of his adversaries.

XENOPHON.

The following incident, related by the historian Xenophon, is an interesting corroboration of the saying that "love is strong as death." When Cyrus had taken captive a prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful wife, of whom the prince was particularly fond, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyrus to hear their sentence. Cyrus asked the prince what he would give to be reinstated to his former glory. The latter replied, that he valued his crown at a very moderate price, but that if he would but restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and happiness, he would willingly pay his life as a ransom. The two were discharged, and permitted to enjoy their freedom as they pleased, and each was lavish in praise of the character of Cyrus.

"And what," said the prince, addressing his wife, "what did you think of Cyrus?"

"I did not observe him," was the reply.

"Not observe him!" exclaimed the husband; "how could this be?"

"My attention," she replied, "was fixed upon that dear and generous man who so voluntarily declared his readiness to purchase my liberty at the expense of his life."

YOUTH ENCOURAGED.

No man ever engaged in any lawful business, and steadily persevered in it, but ultimately became benefited or distinguished. It is true, you may have your hours of peril and despondency. Your situation in life may be very low, and you may toil hard for a very slight remuneration. But never mind. Keep a pure heart and pure desires, and determine never to do wrong because others do, or because you may, for the time being, profit yourself. Your virtues will not always be hidden, nor will your poverty always wrap round you as a mantle. Keep active; keep doing, no matter how small the sphere of your action may be. That sphere will soon be enlarged; that influence of yours will soon be felt; and that darkness surrounding you will be dispelled by the full, warm sunlight of heaven. Never, then, despair; for often, when the clouds are blackest, and the tempest is fiercest, that still small voice of hope will arise and whisper in your ear, "There's a better day coming"—a time when you will be wanted, when your influence will be felt, and when many will wish to do you aid and honor.

ZION.

Zion—Mount Zion—the city of the great King—the New Jerusalem—this is the last journeying place of the weary Christian pilgrim, the home of his soul, and his everlasting rest. Here we have no dwelling-place, no abiding city, but we seek a city yet to come: here we have suffering and sorrow, but there we shall abide for ever and ever—there we shall be free from all the ills, and disappointments, and sorrows of life, and there our happiness will be perfect throughout eternity.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY D. TRUMAN.

WARM is the love we feel,
For true and faithful friends,
Whose wishes for our weal
All selfishness transcends;
Yet cold neglect may blast
The fruit of former years—
The bliss of friendships past
Be drowned in fruitless tears.

Deep is the love, I trow,
And pure as virgin snow,
When vow meets murmured vow,
In hope's ecstatic glow;
Yet trifles, light as air,
May turn the tide of fate,
And those who lovers were,
May even learn to hate.

Strong is the love that binds
In wedlock heart to heart,
Uniting kindred minds,
That would not, should not part;
That should not part, I ween,
Earth's canopy beneath;
Yet such have parted been—
Have crushed the bridal wreath!

True are the hearts that share
The light of friendship's sun,
And strong the love they bear,
Whose pulses beat as one.
One heart alone than this,
Doth stronger love conceal;
And deeper, purer bliss,
One heart alone can feel.

Where fickle fancy turns,
From pledges soon forgot,
One altar ever burns—
One spirit changeth not;
Though time and chance may wrench
Love's cup from lips that smiled,
Yet death alone can quench
The mother's for her child.

STANZAS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?
On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on:
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quenched, but gone.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

BY E. M. B.

I HAD attended, during the evening, a meeting of the "Evangelical Alliance." The exercises had not proved as interesting as usual, though the subject is one which always commands my attention. I had returned home, and, retiring to my own room, had sat down by the little table on which lay the few books generally used during the day, as accompaniments to the Bible in reference to my spiritual growth. The subject of the evening was very naturally uppermost in my reflections, and as my eye rested on the volumes before me, as if with lightning speed, the thought darted into my mind, and the words fell from my lips, "Here is a true evangelical alliance." I cannot describe to you, Mr. Editor, how, in a moment's space, my mind, as if by intuition, grasped all the coincidences and saw all the bearings of the case—the union of countries, the union of sects, the union of subjects. Yet, though I may not describe the minutiae, I can give the general outline as presented to me, and leave it to the imagination of your readers to supply the minor correspondences.

My book table had been covered with as little thought of the nations which had supplied my intellectual and moral feast, as we in general bestow upon the Java coffee or the Chinese tea, the southern sugar or the Indian corn, which fill the French China, or employ the English cutlery, or Peru's tribute, on our well-spread breakfast boards; yet benighted Spain, and struggling Italy, and literary France, and philosophic Germany, had united with enlightened England and my own loved country, to establish me in the doctrine and encourage me in the way of holiness. And, O, it was a triumph over sectarian views—it was a well-deserved acknowledgment of the superior importance and beauty of the doctrine, to see how sweetly all evangelic denominations had yielded their tribute of love and admiration, of adherence and support!

A volume of poems, by some distinguished writers in the English Episcopal Church, supported the Baptist Bunyan: the Congregationalist and Catholic were sweetly united in Professor Upham's "Life of Faith," and "Madame Guyon," without a reproving word from the Arminian; for Wesley's abridgment of "Thomas a Kempis" lay upon them. A quarto Bible (source of all truth) occupied the centre of the table, a precious legacy, which, for more than half a century, had been the daily companion, guide, and solace of a now sainted grandsire; and I am sure, Mr. Editor, that you, and perhaps most of your readers, will sympathize in the partiality which induced me to place in closest contact with the sacred word those "Hymns" of the sweet singers of our Israel, which appear to me to be pre-eminently united with it in spirit and in all doctrine.

The combination of sects and nations had been unpremeditated, but the glorious subject had taken full possession of my heart and mind; and thus I had gathered, from varied clime and creed, instructors in the way of holiness, and was daily sitting at their feet and imbibing the lessons which they teach. Powerfully impressed with the association, I drew my Bible toward me, and opening it, turned to the fervent prayer of the apostle for the Church at Colosse: "We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God: strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness;" that ye may be presented, by God's "dear Son, holy, and unblamable, and unreprouvable in his sight." Ever regarding the *prayer of inspiration* as the *promise of inspiration*, my faith relies as implicitly on the Spirit's breathings as upon the Divine assurance of fulfillment; and with a heart-uttered petition that my experience might realize all its privilege, I closed the sacred word, and opened Wesley. Then indeed I repeated my prayer aloud in his glowing words: "Give me

'A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!'"

What was it to me that the exceeding greatness of the request seemed to place it beyond the range of probability?

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

I pressed the Hymn-Book to my heart, and breathed an ascription of praise unto God, who, in these latter days, had raised up a people whose distinguishing excellence, whose crowning glory is, that they proclaim the doctrine of holiness in all its strength, in all its purity, in all its fullness.

I took up my copy of the "Christian Pattern," worn with the constant use of twenty years, saying, "Come, my old, and well-tried, and valued friend, what sayest thou to me?" "Behold, in the cross all doth consist, and all lieth in our dying upon it; for there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but the way of the holy cross. Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross. And when thou shalt come to this, that tribulations shall be sweet unto thee for Christ's sake, then think it well with thee, for thou hast found a paradise upon earth." My heart breathed its acquiescence in the truth delivered, as I endeavored to follow Mr. Wesley's

directions for the proper reading of this inestimable work, repeating the above sentences "leisurely, seriously, and with great attention, with proper intervals and pauses, allowing time for the enlightenings of divine grace." I laid down the volume, praising the God of providence, who hath never left himself without a witness, but who, in the middle ages, had set this star in the firmament to "render darkness visible," and to be the precursor of a glorious dawn.

Kempis calls this state of entire conformity to the will of God a paradise upon earth; but what can equal Bunyan's description of this land of Beulah, whose air is very sweet and pleasant? I opened the Pilgrim's Progress, and read, "Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth by night and day; wherefore, this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they, from this place, so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the Bride and Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimages. Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c." Blessed Non-Conformist, who knew and taught conformity with the word of God!

Paul has prayed, and Wesley has exultingly triumphed, Kempis hath shown the way, and Bunyan described the glorious results of attainment; and now let Upham tell the characteristics of one thus filled with the Holy Spirit: "One who bears Christ's image—one meek, humble, and quiet in spirit—one pure in heart—one who, in the exercise of faith, has a disposition to do, under all circumstances, the will of his heavenly Father—on such a heart the love of God is gently but richly shed; and no longer wearied in efforts originating in itself, but reposing in childlike quietness, of which faith is the true parent, it will be purified and refreshed with the dews of divine grace unceasingly descending." But in the "Life of Faith," not only does Professor Upham impart to us the lessons taught him by the Holy Spirit, but he has gathered Molinos and Thaube, and Rerysbroke and Fenelon, and a host of worthies of different climes, and arrayed them in firm phalanx for the defense of the common truth. Here, too, is "Madame Guyon;" and in the whole galaxy of our spiritual heavens, where can we find a brighter star? We behold in her daily walk a living exemplification

of perfect faith, and, if of perfect faith, perfect love and purity. Released, by the compiler, from the rubbish which calumny, or prejudice, or misconception had thrown around her character, we see in her a beautiful illustration of *woman, by the grace of God*; and many a Protestant heart shall yet glow with fervent gratitude for the teachings of one whose spirit was in close alliance with the "reformers before the Reformation."

I purposely reserved my Church of England gem unto the last. I repeated it as I laid my head upon its pillow, and rejoiced that night in the true *evangelical alliance*. I doubt whether it has been reprinted in this country, and perhaps it may therefore claim sufficient originality to be republished entire in the Repository. Could Wesley, could Upham speak more explicitly, more triumphantly than the Episcopal divine?

EVENNESS OF DISPOSITION.

BY FLORIO.

Now on the wave, now in the valley. This sentence, brief as it is, contains the full history of thousands of individuals of the present age. You will find them, on one day, buoyant and happy; on another, depressed and melancholy. One hour existence is bright; another hour, it is all darkness. When the sky is clear, and the sun is out, and the birds are singing, and the breeze is dancing among the leaves and branches of the forest, they are in an ecstasy of feeling. When the sunlight is hid, and the clouds are heavy, and the rain comes down the live-long day, their hearts are sad, and they are ready almost to wish themselves not living, or far removed from all society and friends.

I do not contend that the weather should have no influence on our minds and bodies; for it is a physiological fact that man will always be affected in some measure by the state of the atmosphere around him. Nevertheless, I must object seriously to one's being unduly depressed by every passing outward circumstance, and giving up to despair. Suppose, indeed, that things do not go exactly right; suppose, farther, that fortune frowns and the world opposes, why, even then, give up to despondency? Nothing, certainly, can be gained by such a course, unless it be misery. And we all have misery enough, and to spare, and that, too, without borrowing it from the future.

Come, then, desponding heart, look up. There is yet much left for you, though you have failed in a thousand things before. Look higher than earth for help. Think of your Friend in heaven. Seek his help; and though an occasional shade of darkness pass over you, remember that light will soon break ahead, aid will come to you, and happiness will be your inheritance here and for ever hereafter.

THE BEST GEM OF EARTH.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

IN glancing at the books which compose a common library, many are seen which are considered examples of literary perfection, calculated to refine the taste, exalt the mind, and increase the happiness of the human family. Some of these have immortalized their authors; and while nations have arisen and empires fallen, they have survived the ravages of time, and having floated down the stream of ages, they now stand as living monuments, sacred to the memory of ancient genius.

It is common to speak in high terms of those who, by their superior industry and skill, have left behind them a grateful remembrance of talent and worth, and the light of whose minds has quickened succeeding generations. The works of many of the ancients are read with fond admiration, while writers of modern times have done honor to themselves, and the age in which they live, by contributing to modern literature those streams of intelligence that have blessed mankind.

Yet, after an impartial survey of all the works of man, none can be found that is worthy of a comparison with the volume of divine revelation. From this we derive our knowledge of the Deity, of the creation, the mournful fall of man, and the lives of those heaven-born spirits that were inspired to write it. On this is founded our hopes of immortality—in this we are informed of the nativity, death, and resurrection of the Savior, and whatever is essential to salvation.

True, there are those who affect to despise its solemn truths, and disregard its admonitions—some who treat it with ridicule and contempt, while others, partially acknowledging its claims, consider it of little value. But where is the person that can tell its worth? Where, among all the works of human ingenuity, exists any thing of equal value with the Bible?

Collect, if you please, all the productions of the present and the past ages—all the gems of literary worth adorned with the flowers of rhetoric—all the melting strains of eloquence that ever flowed from an orator's lips—and compare them with this volume of holy writ. Throw your thoughts back upon the past, then trace the winding path of literature through all its meanderings, open the pages of profane history, whose common topics are the rise and fall of nations, listen with admiration to the lofty strains of classic song; but in all that the eye can see, or the ear hear, or the heart feel, the scale still mounts. Open the store-house of earthly knowledge, and disclose the real worth of philosophy, revel on the creations of poetic fancy, or collect the laurels of earthly fame, yet can they all outbalance the "law which is perfect, converting the soul?"

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The word of God outweighs them all. Its unequalled beauties are attractive to the mind—its unrivaled excellences invite and enrich the longing taste—its inestimable contents declare its real worth. No needless extravagance marks its sacred pages—no redundant phrases mar its beauty, or diminish its strength. Nor does it need additions to make it better: it being pure as the Fountain from whence it came, it is untainted with the imperfections of man's devices.

Based upon a sure foundation, it can never be overthrown; founded upon eternal veracity, it cannot be impeached; destined by its Author to become a light to all the world, it will be carried to every clime, circulated through every nation, and, when the glory of empires shall have passed away, it will be reared on high as an ensign of salvation, and a redeemed race will rejoice in its brightening beams.

Do you wish for specimens of impartial history? Read the writings of Moses. Do you ask for lively description, mingled with pathos and eloquence? View it gracing the outlines of the Old and the New Testament. Are you a way-worn pilgrim seeking for light and consolation? Behold this "star of eternity" that will guide you safely from the shores of time to the coast of eternal bliss. Often has the philosopher refreshed his soul from this inexhaustible fountain—often has the orator caught new fire from the altar of revelation, and the harp of holy song been struck anew while lingering around its shrine.

Upon what was founded the immortal song of Milton? From whence came the gem-like thoughts of Young? or those vivid pictures of Pollok? The store-house of their materials was the book of books. Before this infidelity quails with shame and confusion, calumny stands speechless, and its enemies retire confounded before its convincing truths. Nor need one pause to give the reason, as it ever carries with itself proof beyond all doubt that it is the word of God. In simplicity of style, it is equaled by none; in sublimity of thought, it stands without a rival; of poetry, it exhibits some of the choicest productions; in prose, it is suited to the capacities of the learned, as well as the illiterate. Its influence upon the hearts, the lives, and morals of mankind is unparalleled, nay, it is "perfect, converting the soul."

Who can peruse the book of Job, and not admire the virtues of that afflicted servant of God? Who can read the flowing numbers of David, or the poetry of Isaiah, without being conscious of the celestial fire that glowed within their bosoms? Who can examine the reasoning of St. Paul, and not place it above panegyric? No wonder that infidels have been confounded at the sentiments it contains. Well might Rousseau exclaim, "The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the Gospel addresses itself to my heart." Well might the heathen muse weep at the urn of her poet

when David tuned his harp to praise the Lord, and when Isaiah's holy numbers came flowing from the pen of inspiration.

The Bible should be loved, because it is the WORD OF GOD. The Scriptures should be searched, for they testify of the true Messiah, give the most needful consolation, and constitute the only chart by which we can safely navigate the sea of life. How highly would a conscientious Christian value his Bible had he but one, and that the only one to be obtained! Who would exchange it for the gold of Ophir, or the diamonds of Golconda? Who would barter it for the glory of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or all the pomp of earthly grandeur? These will pass away, while the truths of the unerring oracle will stand for ever. O precious treasure! full of wisdom, truth, and mercy! How benevolent its object—how pure its principles—how lasting its fame! If the votaries of infidelity find satisfaction for the present moment in their schemes, let them, unenvied, possess their consolation, but give me the Holy Bible for my greatest treasure, my chart and companion, and I will prize it in life, and cling to its promises in the hour of death. Let its principles be universally practiced, and what a change would the moral world undergo! The kingdom of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, would crumble to ruins, or vanish like the morning cloud. The din of war would be hushed, its deathful tones would die away, and the tidings of Immanuel's peaceful reign, borne on the wings of every wind, would declare that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Such a change is yet to take place—such a day is yet to dawn and brighten on our world—such a revolution will be wrought, under the blessing of God, by the power of the unchangeable truths revealed to man in his holy book.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY EDWARD F. COLERICK.

MAY thy days glide sweetly along,
And may'st thou as happy be
As the bird that carols its merry song
Away in the wild-wood free!

May thy home be a bright sunny spot
Where'er in the wide world it be;
May peace and prosperity fall to thy lot,
And ever smile sweetly on thee!

May thy life be as bright as the flowers
That bloom in their native wild;
Calmly may'st thou pass life's fleeting hours
As the dream of an innocent child!

And may'st thou gently pass o'er
Life's sea, till the mandate be given,
"Come, fair one, and dwell evermore,
With lov'd ones already in heaven!"

APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEPTIOUS.

NUMBER II.

BY D. S. WELLING.

APPEARANCES, at most, are but the shadows of reality; they are the pictures of an original, which original is the real substance. But all appearances are not even the *shadows* of a real substance. They are not what they *appear* to be. In the nervous language of Jonah, suffering the keenest agony from bitter disappointment, by following deceptious appearances, they are "lying vanities." A vanity is a shadow, yet a real shadow—a shadow in fact; but a "lying vanity" seems to be farther removed from the real substance, and is an "empty appearance." In the world of desire and affection, of love and hatred, they are the imaginative creations of disordered minds. Yet such phantoms are the chief objects of human pursuit; and that, too, in the midst of a thousand warning voices, each voice crying earnestly, "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy."

In no matter, concerning our welfare, are we so likely to be deceived by vanities, as in the matter of religious interest and duty. How solemn the thought that this fatal deception is so nearly universal, involving the eternal well-being of immortal souls! He that contributes to the work of breaking this intoxicating spell of illusions from the human mind, does deeds worthy of the holy employment of angels.

The gay, pleasure-loving youth, from the general appearance of surrounding circumstances, concludes that he is safe in hazarding the delay of the stupendous work of his salvation—thinks it would curtail his social enjoyments, and be derogatory to his character to avow himself, at present, a disciple of the Nazarene, and, thoughtlessly, permits himself to be hurried onward in life, an alien from God, and a traveler to ruin. Lured by the buoyancy of youth, the vigor of health, and the probabilities of long life, he ventures farther and still farther in sin and bold unbelief, till, fettered by strong habits of vice, he plunges beyond the range of available mercy, and is lost for ever. His affectionate parents lost sight of his danger, blindly supposing his case not desperate; his friends thought him the happiest of youths, because his characteristic hilarity and freedom from sadness and sorrow, *appeared*—the shroud of his wickedness, and the proof of his innocence. He *appeared* distant from danger, and all suffered him to sleep on till danger was present, and ruin inevitable. Poor fellow! though loved and admired, *appearances* wrought his ruin.

That laughing, innocent young lady, the pride of her father, and the joy of her fond mother, captivated by the external mien, and apparent worth of her wealthy and adroit suitor, surrendered her heart to a social fiend, and gave her lily hand to the rude

grasp of a moral hyena. Miserable victim of deception! She had repelled the application of honest industry, purity of love, and moral integrity. These lacked the embellishments of popular refinement, and the tinsel of artificial acquirements, and she shuddered at the idea of wedding such *apparent* deficiencies. But the splendor of wealth, the magnificence of name, and the potency of smiling, mechanical politeness, won her trembling hand—grasping a pure and unsuspecting heart, the token of her sincere but misplaced love. In short, she wedded the mockery of grand appearances; and where is she now? See that wretched haunt of poverty and woe! But visit the inside scene. See, gaunt and care-worn, that wreck of former beauty and innocence! This is she, who chose wealth before merit, beauty before piety, and outside accomplishments before honest-hearted industry. She now feels the consequences of her unwise choice. Youthful sister, pledge not thy heart and hand to shadows, but hold them sacred to the claims of real merit.

Miss M— was a beautiful girl of sixteen. She had a brilliant and laughing eye. Her beautiful face smiled daily in the bright sunshine of innocence and health. Her elastic walk indicated the activity of her mind and the vigor of her body. She measured out to herself a long span of pleasurable and fashionable life, and only thought of death as the welcome visitant of old age, coming on a friendly errand to release her from the worn-out scenes and insipid pleasures of a tiresome and gloomy decrepitude. She danced gayly along the mirthful path of popular life, thoughtless of God, of holiness, of heaven, and of eternity. Her parents, dotingly fond of their picture of beauty and health, put far away the day of evil. Little did they think that those sparkling eyes, so laughing and sweet, were but streaming out the expiring flame of life—that those cheeks of rosy hue exhibited the luxuriant blossoms of an early death, and that that elastic step was the premonitory vigor of unseen, approaching decay. Yet so it was. The greedy consumption worm lay coiled at the root of that flourishing plant. It silently performed its death-dealing work. Every one was shocked at her unexpected fall. They were deceived by appearances. Thus, amidst the gayeties of innocent yet irreligious youth, living chiefly in the alluring prospective, she suddenly fell, an unprepared victim to insidious disease. She was not ready, because she was deceived by appearances. Thoughtless reader! be not deceived by the empty show of terrestrial shadows, but seek, in pure religion, the unfailing substance of life and true happiness.

Observing a young gentleman of fine appearance, and smiling innocence, as we walked up — street, in a certain city, I said to my friend, "That's a noble-looking young man; I have no doubt he is intelligent and pious, and an example worthy the imitation of all his associates." My friend, struck with

the unexpected observation, looked at me in surprise, and replied, "I am sorry to say, sir, that truth compels me to break the spell of deception from your mind. Judging from appearances, you are greatly deceived. I regret to say it, but that same young man is a slave to his passions, a plague-spot in society, and on the rapid way to some dreadful end." Musing awhile, I thought how true that real worth and merit dwell not in the folds of gaudy apparel, stately carriage, or beauty of face; and how true, likewise, that vice and pollution often assume these deceptions appearances to conceal their repulsive deformity. Often, by this means, poisoned by the contaminations of popular sin, and by the unsuspected insinuations of bad example, are the unwary led far astray from the path of innocence and virtue. Certainly these influences would not be so overwhelmingly destructive, were there not a serious wrong in the community relative to the standard of character. Concealed by imposing externals, crime is often palliated, and corruption excused; while splendid deeds and heavenly virtue are passed unnoticed and unrewarded, because unaccompanied by the showy imagery of popular accomplishments.

"Away, then, with all but *moral* in the name,
And let what then remains constitute the man."

THE FAMILY GRAVE-YARD.

BY ALBERTA.

THE sun, in all his glory, has sunk beneath the western horizon, and gentle twilight, to me the sweetest hour of the day, finds me lonely and quietly seated in the family grave-yard. Here lie the bodies of a fond father, two affectionate brothers, and a nephew. Of my eldest brother, I can say nothing from personal knowledge, as he died when I was but a child. My father, my fond father, he whose voice had so often fallen, in sweet accents, on my ear, whose smiles had often cheered me, and whose arms had often embraced me, was the next to be laid within these pales. He lived to be an old man; yes, the winds of seventy-four winters had blown over him. For several years previous to his last affliction, he was partially blind and deaf. This he bore without a murmur. During his last hours, for the space of three days, he was deprived of the power of speech, and of hearing, and seeing. O, what affliction! Doubtless this was for the accomplishment of some wise purpose, which will be unknown to us until the day when all hidden mysteries shall be revealed. It surely would have been one of the greatest comforts at that time just to have heard from his lips one word; but it was all the "Lord's doings." He was mercifully spared to see his children fully grown, and all in pursuit of that rest which he is now sweetly enjoying. This was,

to him, a source of unbounded pleasure. Kind Savior, grant that we all may faithfully follow his pious example, then surely heaven will be our home, and eternal happiness our reward!

My nephew was the third who was brought into this yard. He was, indeed, a promising youth. He had, but a short time before, left the home of his childhood, and gone out into the busy world, and engaged in business, with fair prospects of success; but, alas! that dread messenger, the king of terrors, whose entrance cannot be resisted—whose calls must be obeyed, came, and, with his iron grasp, which no earthly power could unloose, laid hold on him; then we were forced to say, "It is finished." By his bedside did I kneel during the last hour he lived. Then I saw him breathe his last. Solemn, solemn indeed was the scene! to see one in the bloom of youth—one who bade so fair to live, taken from this to the spirit world; but he certainly fell into the hands of a just God—one who is too wise to err.

The fourth and last body consigned to the narrow tomb, by which I now sit, and over which gently waves the weeping willow, that emblem of my heart, was a fond, affectionate, and pious brother, one to whom a widowed mother and three fatherless sisters looked with the strongest confidence. He was more than a brother; in one sense, he was a father to us. Anxiously did he seek to make us comfortable and happy, and assiduously did he labor to provide for us the necessities of life. He was confined to his bed two months; and never, during that time, was the slightest murmur heard to escape his lips. He bore his sufferings as only Christians do. The day before his death, with perfect composure, and with an unfaltering voice, did he give directions concerning his temporal affairs, his grave, his coffin, and every thing pertaining to his funeral. He talked about his unclouded prospects of heaven, and of meeting his friends there, especially that Savior who had died that he might live. He called for his mother, his sisters and brothers, and other friends, embraced them in his arms, and bade them an affectionate farewell. The privilege of seeing all this was denied me; for I, too, was prostrate on my bed with the same disease that terminated his earthly existence. This was on Saturday evening, after which his sufferings greatly increased, and during the night they were of the most excruciating character. No pen could portray, and no tongue describe the scene of that memorable night; but that Savior in whom he had so implicitly confided, was with him, and just as the lovely Sabbath morn, with cloudless sky, dawned, the Savior steered the frail bark of the sufferer across the cold Jordan. Then was his spirit loosed from its tement of clay, conveyed by angels, perhaps one of them his father who had gone before him, to that heaven of sweet repose where sickness and death are not known. The writer, with the rest of his surviving friends, are left awhile longer to enjoy

earthly Sabbaths, while he is enjoying the Sabbath of eternal rest. It was, indeed, a trial of great severity to us, but our loss is his infinite gain; and now, dear brother,

"Thou art sleeping here

Beneath this silent clod,

Far from affliction's toil and care,

And every anxious thought.

"Away from all life's changing scene,

From all its ills set free;

No more to feel death's cruel pains,

No more its terrors see.

"Long didst thou bear affliction's rod,

And deeply felt its dart;

No murmur from thy lips was heard,

But patience ruled thy heart.

"In early youth thou didst forsake

The world with all its charms,

The pearl of countless price did seek,

And found its purest joys.

"This evergreen will mark the spot

Where one so dear is laid,

By friends and kindred ne'er forgot,

Though laid in deepest shade."

DEATH OF A POET.

BY LEWELLIN.

Soft as the mist of evening wends its way
Along the shadowy vale; sad as the moon
Within the gathering tempest finds its way,
And turns the darkness pale; so soft the tones
In melting cadence fall from thee, so sad
Thy woe-wan features seem, just fading in
Eclipse. Upon thy marble cheek there sleeps
A solitary tear, that Death's cold hand
Has scarcely dared to touch; and on thy brow
The chilling damp is seen its way to steal.
With thy expiring art, to dark despair,
Thou strik'st the notes of grief, and mid the
Falling tempest sing'st the shipwreck of
Thy heart. The light of fitful flame has died
Within thy breast; the star of hope has set
In deeper gloom; the breath of praise is gone,
And now no more thy suffering lyre its
Strains will pour upon the listening ear.
Dim flits across thy mind the dreams of years
Long past, and start to view youth's sunlit days,
When wild romance, and wilder fancy, fed
Thy heart, and made thee hope the world a scene
Of endless bliss and love. But gone the dreams
And years of sunny youth, and gone the wild
Romantic bliss—untimely gone! for ever
Fled the joy that feared no storm to blast its
Bloom. Thy fate affliction sad will mourn, thy
Sins will make her drop the scalding tear, and
Bleed to know that neither time nor tears can
Ever wash those unforgiven crimes away.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1848.

THE TRAVELER'S RETURN.

REVOLUTIONS, it is said, never go backward; but I am not prepared to coincide literally with this ancient maxim. Revolutions do, sometimes, go backward. According to the old axiom in philosophy, action and reaction are always equal. When a project, or a principle, has been carried as far, in any given direction, as it will bear, it begins to pendulate back again. So I found it in my late travels.

For weeks together, through difficulties and dangers, if not disasters, by night and day, whether foul or fair, my party and myself had been winding our way along, and sometimes crowding our progress, toward the land where the sun rises. No sooner had we reached the point of destination, and looked out, for a fortnight or so, on the blue summits of the neighboring mountains, and gazed upon the rolling billows of the ocean, and seen the faces of our friends and kindred, than a turn was taken in the tide of our inclinations. Until the moment of this change, nothing could have induced us to forego the obvious duty of pushing eastward. So long had we kept to this line of travel, that, at last, to continue doing so seemed to have grown into a kind of habit. Whosoever joined or left us, or how many soever were the roads leading to places on either side of us, it made no sensible impression on our course of thinking, if the mere habit of going eastward had not displaced all thinking from the business. But the current changed at last. We had gone nearly as far as we could go, if we entertained any hopes of getting back again; and now, having seen the east, with all its wonders, the needle of desire and expectancy suddenly wheels upon its axis, and lies trembling with a sort of conscious interest toward our home in the glorious west.

From this time, we had sufficient demonstration, that revolutions do go backward. That there *was* a revolution—a revolution of feeling, of desire, of motion—we knew from internal as well as external manifestations; and that that revolution was carrying us directly back to the point from which we started was as clear as vision. We could now give large sums of money, for being carried back to places, which, only a little time before, we had eagerly left, then, also, paying our way along with money. We now pushed on to points, where, a few weeks earlier, had we been detained an hour by any accident, we should have suffered all the miseries of impatience. So strangely do all things human fluctuate about us.

But I am not now essaying to write a history, but to catch a few visions, to realize a series of illusions, to put down, in black and white, the flitting and airy pageants of a sort of reverie.

Walking, one day, on the banks of the Penobscot, a notion took me to enter a singularly looking house, that seemed to lie upon the water. Whether my reverie, or dream, or trance, then began its strange work upon me, or while I was sauntering round the various apartments, I will not undertake to say; but it is certain that I soon became the subject of some amusing deceptions, unless the reader is willing to take for facts, what I shall here relate to him.

First of all, my house began to float, turning this way and that, till my head lost all knowledge of localities.

This, of course, added greatly to the illusions about to be practiced on me. Sometimes I thought I was going up stream; but this, certainly, said I, admonishingly, cannot be so, unless there are invisible powers at work about us. Then, more naturally, it seemed that we were crossing the river, though we made no sensible progress in that direction. Lastly, and much to my comfort, the floating domicile appeared to take a settled course down stream, which imparted signal quiet to my spirits.

Troubles, however, it is said, do not come singly. So I found it. We had not been long under this downward hallucination, before a perfect tempest broke upon the widening river, beating upon us from behind, and almost lifting us out of the water. Rain fell in torrents. A wide sea yawned before us. Plunging fearlessly out upon its troubled bosom, we bid farewell to land, with two oceans of water contending for the mastery above and below us. They were like two angry bullies fighting over a timid man's shoulder.

All this time, we seemed occasionally to descry a distant shore, on which a town, or a village, would lie snugly upon the edge of a little harbor. But there was no haven for us. Our house floated on, seemingly without point or purpose. Becoming at length wearied with watching and conjecturing probabilities, I laid down upon a sort of pallet, resolving to drown all anxiety in sleep. How long I laid there, I shall never be able to determine; but, strange as it may seem, when I awoke, I found myself, after five minutes' scrambling, in the midst of an old and familiar place, surrounded by groups of smiling faces.

The wonders now increased upon me. I asked some one, if the place were not called Portland; and a voice from the crowd answered, "Come and see." I had no longer satisfied myself on this question, and taken a little time to recover from the fatigue occasioned by these late occurrences, than another singular apparition sprung up before me. It was a vehicle shaped not entirely unlike a goose-egg, only very much larger, with its two ends clipped off, and furnished with outside accommodations. The animals harnessed to it, being four in number, were larger than the largest mastiffs, and resembled dogs in more than one particular. As I approached this quaint looking vehicle, a door opened suddenly upon the side of it, and made me think of the celebrated Grecian horse, that stood before the walls of Troy, in which there was a secret side-door, provided for armed soldiers to issue from the bowels of the wooden animal in time of battle.

But Troy never saw such a hubbub as I now experienced. Entering that side-door, I sat down, when round and round the goose-egg whirled, then away it went, up, down, across, over, under, through, till we had apparently made a circuit of some hundred and fifty miles. Only think of it, reader! One hundred and fifty miles, shut up in the interior of an egg-shell, drawn over a rough country by two brace of fleet quadrupeds, and all the time so magically handled, as to seem to be riding round a panorama of real places, once as familiar to you as the faces of your own children!

First of all came, or seemed to come, a well-known place called the "Empire," where, in other days, I had joyed and suffered, and that, too, with many loved ones now not among the living. Then Lewiston, where the Androscoggin makes a fearful plunge, thus presenting one of the most splendid cascades known in geography. Next Winthrop, a lovely place, lying, in all quietness,

on the margins of two beautiful lakes, though soon to be roused from its soft slumbers by the approaching thunders of the railroad locomotive. Now Kent's Hill, the seat of the far-famed Maine Wesleyan Seminary, where four of my pleasant years were spent in early manhood, the bright, and peaceful, and unambitious dawn of a since changeful public life. Last of all, Fayette, and the residence of my old and esteemed friend, Reuben B. Dunn, who, in his immediate vicinity, at North Wayne, in building up, out of nothing, and without the help of any man, a large and flourishing factory village, in about five years, containing the largest scythe factory in existence, has really achieved one of the wonders of the world. When, after running round and round again, through places known and unknown to geographical scholars, we seemed to arrive at the place of starting, where we saw our friends still standing and smiling as we had left them. May they smile ever!

While at this point in our wondrous experience, I was carried by imagination—for this once I knew that it was in fancy—to the flowery plains of Florida, where that able ornithologist and enterprising man, my former friend, Dr. Augustus Mitchell, reared up about me a splendid suit of palaces, which he entitled a Sanatory Retreat, in which a thousand invalids were living in luxurious ease, and daily breathing in health and vigor from the balmy breath of that delightful climate. The Doctor, I hope, will complete his enterprise, and make himself a blessing, not only to the present, but to future generations.

But my reverie now rises again and bears me forward. Would the reader think, should I not tell him, that a man may travel, and that rapidly, without walking, or running, or being carried by wind or water, or employing any mode of conveyance known since the days of Adam down to the birth of the present generation? And yet I do tell him; for so, in my visions, I plainly saw it. There was no little magic in the business, I acknowledge.

I stood near a high table, on which I laid a piece of paper. Down came two pieces; but from what place, or whose hand, I cannot tell. I next walked into another room, and then into a room seemingly standing in the interior of that room—a room within a room—and took a seat. Soon a little bell was jingled. The inner room—wonderful to tell!—began to move within the larger one, then out of it, and so flew over the country, as we read in fairy tales. In a few minutes, strange as it may seem, a gentleman came in from out doors, and told me I was in the good old Revolutionary town of Boston! With a spring, like one doubly surprised, I made my passage into the first street I found, and thereafter seemed to lose myself in its crooked streets for several days.

These days past, coming partially to myself again, I remembered dimly that I had seen many people; visited several public buildings; rode with my esteemed friend, Isaac Rich, Esq., over the business parts of the old city; heard some good speeches from Gov. Briggs, Speaker Winthrop, and Mayor Quincy, at Fanueil Hall, and a very poor one from a poor talker happening to be there; spent two nights at my friend Rich's splendid country seat, and one at the city residence of another friend, Dr. Restieaux; talked an hour with Dr. Snow, two hours with Rev. D. S. King, half an hour with Rev. A. Stevens, three-quarters of an hour with George C. Rand, forty

minutes with Edward Hennessy, and five minutes a head with twenty other quondam acquaintances; thought of all the familiar old localities, famed in history, such as Bunker Hill, Concord, and Lexington, and yet without going to them; dipped my little finger into the water, in that part of Boston harbor where the Revolutionary Tea Party emptied out Johnny Bull's Young Hyson; and then dreamed, and dreamed again, of other days and other scenes, of the dead and living, of joys and sorrows past and passing, and of a thousand things, private, personal, and sacred, which even an editor has no right to publish.

But, reader, the illusion goes onward. Another room within a room, well-furnished and carpeted, with seats, saloons, and tables, now perfectly still and quiet, now whirling and rushing forward, as if propelled by steam or lightning! I have told the reader before of the littleness of these Yankee states; but they never appeared so little as during the few minutes I was now crossing them. Scarcely had I taken my seat, before we had left the Bay state entirely behind us. Being somewhat drowsier than usual, I nodded once in cutting across Rhode Island, and twice in jumping through Connecticut—once as we passed the northern state line, and again as we ran among the stone heaps upon the southern border. From that point, I neither nodded, nor dreamed, nor had visions, but saw, heard, felt nothing, till I was roused by an obliging sort of a person, to get up and behold the bustle of old Manhattan.

True enough, it was old Manhattan, unless fancy had taken the seat of reason. There was the Battery, and Castle Garden, and the ragged old Fountain at the foot of Broadway, which the very sensible inhabitants of that locality quarreled over, till the more sensible Croton water refused to run in it. Do you think, reader, a man need go afoot in this big city? Thousands do, though there would seem to be vehicles enough to keep the whole of them for ever riding. Standing only five minutes at the door of a public house on Broadway, I counted four hundred and thirty-four foot-passengers, and twenty-four omnibuses and stages, all in motion; and this was after ten o'clock of a dark and dismal night, when a fine misty rain was wetting every man not covered by an umbrella. At four o'clock of any fair afternoon, I presume that three or four times the number might be counted. Nor are all the people on the streets errand boys and lackeys either. Many of them are gentlemen and ladies of wealth, and power, and quality. The city is also full of strangers. All nations are represented in this constant crowd of walkers. Among the rest I saw a crew of Turkish mariners, just from Constantinople, a huge negro dressed up in regimentals, two Highland giants from old Scotland, and Tom Thumb's Lilliputian Victoria carriage.

A score of times I asked myself, as the crowd was rushing by, in all directions, where can all these men, and women, and children—these foreigners and natives—these half a million of black and white beggars, find a lodging-place when the night shall overtake them? It was a question that greatly puzzled me; and as I mused sadly on it, I began to feel pity for the very pigs in the streets; for I looked a long time in vain to discover a quiet and fit place for their nocturnal slumbers. They do not, of course, seek admittance at the public houses, though they would find a hearty welcome in some of them, I have little doubt, had they the money to pay for their accommodations. Nor was it possible,

I thought, that the good people of the city philanthropically opened their doors at night for these four-footed gentry. What, then, must this considerable part of the New York population do for sleeping quarters? To lie down in the streets, where so many cabs, and carriages, and stages, are all the time running and crowding, and a hundred thousand people are incessantly kicking along the pavements, would be as much as any pig's life were worth, and must certainly banish all sleep and slumber from his eye-lids. Nor are they night-walkers; for I saw but just three of them on the streets after dark; and these I supposed to be merely watchmen, or police officers, among that numerous and respectable class of citizens, bound to see that New York kept the peace, while their brethren were resting from their labors. But where *do* they rest? That, reader, is yet the question. But I think I have it. The "striped pigs," with all the spotted and speckled, go down into the rum dens for lodging; all other colors, black, white, and grizzled, find fit quarters and society too, in the city theatres. So there, reader, we will leave them, not knowing, however, whether they may not complain of being slandered in the matter of keeping foul and inferior company.

No one can wish to track an editor, from street to street, through the mazes of a vast emporium, like the metropolis of our country. So I will give no traces. I will only say, that I visited many places, saw many people, enjoyed some happy and unexpected meetings and greetings, and did business with a great number of the sons of art, who employ the brush, the pencil, and the graver. I made but one old-fashioned visit. This was with my early friend and class-mate, Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, Secretary of the Sunday School Union, at his delightful residence, in Newark, N. J. This visit was refreshing. Spending one entire day and night at Newark, I found time to ride up to the Seminary recently erected by the Methodists in that city, at the instance and under the indefatigable supervision of Mr. Kidder and his accomplished lady. I have space to say but little of this new institution. It is a mixed school, as all schools ought to be, on the most perfect model I have ever heard of or witnessed. The course of study is wide and ample, ranging from infant school instruction to the noblest and highest of college studies; and it is so laid out, as the courses of all institutions might be and should be laid out, that it requires but a few teachers to work it, which few need never be augmented, whatever increase of patronage it may receive from the favoring public. They have now, in all, including both the male and female departments, just thirteen teachers; and the intelligent principal, Mr. Chase, confirmed Mr. Kidder's assurance, that if the school should immediately double its present number, not one teacher more would be demanded. And yet all their annual expenses amount, I believe, to only about twenty-five hundred dollars. All this comes of having a correct classification of studies, and a regular system of operations.

Ho! reader, another house, a mansion, a palace magnificently adorned and furnished, floating with the ease and beauty of a swan upon the buoyant water! Behold these curtains, and cushions, and bright, broad mirrors, and hanging silk tassels, and colored glass-work looking like illuminated tapestry, and crimson-velveted ottomans, and divans, and sociables, and all the splendid paraphernalia of a princely residence; and yet, reader,

if common faith has not turned to fancy, all this gliding in the very majesty of motion, on the bosom of the most beautiful of rivers! Go, stand by the last resting-place of the proudest monarchs of antiquity, and tell them of a race of men, who not only run ordinary dwellings from place to place over the earth by machinery, but lanch kings' houses upon the world's rivers, bays, and oceans, and you will see the dead startle in their slumbers! Go, stretch thy hand over the sepulchre of the Cæsars, and proclaim what thou hast seen—whole streets of cabinet-work mahogany-made houses, with all their populations in them, flying over hills and valleys with thrice the speed of the fleetest Arabian coursers—and behold how the world's old conquerors lie astonished!

But nothing any longer astonishes the Anglo-American nation. We are so accustomed to wonders, that when one has gone through with a journey by land or water, he scarcely credits his own vision. For myself I can say, that the occurrence in my own travels, which reminded me most forcibly of reality, was the constant repetition of certain names, as if they were names of places, as we flew from point to point in our magic travels. It was, in fact, a part of the mysterious business, I perceived, to have a man whose duty it was to vociferate these names, as we were said to be passing by the places they pertained to; for, every few minutes, we heard this man exclaim, "Albany—Rome—Utica—Syracuse—Auburn—Geneva—Rochester—Attica—Buffalo;" but we had no time to see whether we had really passed so many veritable cities, or whether the man was saying the words over, like a ventriloquist, merely to make his deceptions the more perfect. Perhaps he had been a country schoolmaster, and had himself fallen into his own illusions, supposing our domicil to be a movable school-house full of children, and himself giving out words for us to spell them.

However, I give it up. The reader must exercise his own reason on these abstruse occurrences. No one attempted to spell any thing, so far as I heard, though I confess, at the word Auburn, I paused a moment, as if trying to recollect something. After a time I dimly remembered having tarried there long enough to eat three or four meals of victuals with my old school-fellow, Rev. C. P. Bragdon, and having made a detour of one or two hundred miles round the adjacent country. In that deviation I saw, or seemed to see, many places with which I was once, in olden time, perfectly familiar. In one of those places I saw the wickedest and worst man—a lawyer, a worldling, an infidel, a Dives—with whom I ever had acquaintance. I there saw, also, the grave of my father. I saw the home of my youth, the haunts of my early days, and the places sacred to memory—to love—to friendship. I saw the orchard, the winding brook, the neighboring woods, where two youthful and happy ones used to wander in all the joy of mutual devotion. I saw the spot where the trees once grew, on whose smooth bark the names of that happy pair were rudely carved; but the trees, alas! had fallen beneath the axe of modern progress. By the stump of the tree I stood and wept, for one hour, the tears of fond recollection, of regret, of sorrow. Where was that youthful one, while these tears were falling? Gone, reader, from me for ever! It was this fact that made me weep most bitterly.

Farther on in this deviation I saw living friends, friends not yet taken from me. Nearly three days I spent on the banks of the Susquehanna, regaling my heart with

them. But why should I wander on, and on, over hills and valleys, far out of my appointed route, while the winds of autumn were reminding me constantly of the increasing dangers yet before me? There is *one* that knows—*one* that may know—*one* with whom it *was*, and yet is, as much as ever, a pleasure to share knowledge; but there will never be another. May God grant me often such satisfaction, such heart-felt happiness, as here met me! A thousand eternal blessings on the source of what I then and there experienced!

The last word uttered by our traveling schoolmaster, the reader will remember, was Buffalo; but we have no time now to linger at the sound of it. We must hasten through this familiar spot, not regarding even the distant thunders of Niagara. The word is, Canada, where we must roam for three hundred miles, while the uproarious winds are sweeping every thing from the bosom of old Erie. Here, at last, after we have been so long under the flag of Victoria, that we may be mistaken for born subjects, we spy old Detroit looming up, high and dry, on the opposite margin of the river. In this ancient city, famous both in story and in song, a very strange thing happened. No sooner had my feet touched the soil of that French town, than all my illusions left me, the scales fell suddenly from my eyes, and I saw all things again in their true and natural colors. I then perceived, that, of a truth, I had been passing through a long and delightful journey. It was there I concluded to sit down, at a public house, and write out, though in hot haste, what the reader has here discovered. It was there I turned my thoughts backward on what I had seen and felt, for twelve long weeks of travel, and forward to the coming and concluding, though unseen, incidents of the journey.

Here, then, good reader, I must part with you for the present. I have much more to say, when I shall have returned to my home again, where I shall not be obliged to write standing on one foot, while the other is looking out for the next steamboat.

I must not, however, lay down my pen, even for a moment, without recording the signal kindness of the great Guardian, who, by his sleepless vigilance, has so protected both me and my little family, five in number, that, though we have traveled almost constantly for three months, by every known mode of conveyance, and have seen sad disasters befalling others, not the scratch of a finger has yet happened to one of us. Appalling accidents have, several times, both preceded and followed us, on stages, steamboats, and railroads; but, thanks to a good Providence, they all occurred either just before or after our passage over the routes where they happened. Once, on Long Island, two trains ran together, breaking both locomotives and several cars to fragments, instantly killing several persons, and wounding scores of passengers; and this was the very train I labored hard to take, but failed by an unlooked-for detention. At another time, on the banks of the Conhocton, only one night before I passed over the course, the stage was thrown from a high bluff into the bed of the rock-bottomed river; and that, too, was the very night when I had intended to pass through the same country. I could record a number of escapes equally providential. Reader, remember one thing as you lay down this paper. At each one of these places, I had some one to complain of, for being detained by his carelessness or negligence; and I did complain, though very moderately; but, when all was over, and I saw the kindness

shown me through those apparent evils, I resolved I would try to complain hereafter of nothing whatsoever. Let us trust in God, believing in his promise, that all things work together for good to those that love him. This is the lesson, the moral, the maxim, which constitutes the end and consummation of my long rambles.

LETTER AND POEM FROM TUPPER.

As introductory to the following poem, I make the following extract from Mr. Tupper's letter, sent me recently, dated

"Furze Hill, Brighton, England, }
September 23, 1843. }

"MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will long ago have received my letter, and that a response from you may be on its road. By way of stirring up your mind to remembrance, I send you the inclosed ballad, which I have just written, and which tells its own tale. I send it to you, my friend, as a newly-forged link of love between our nations. Send any tidings likely to be of interest. Salute all my unseen friends, and believe me,

"As ever, truly yours,

"MARTIN F. TUPPER."

"THE THIRTY NOBLE NATIONS!" A NEW BALLAD TO COLUMBIA.

Ye thirty noble nations
Confederate in one!
That keep your starry stations
Around the western sun,
I have a glorious mission,
And must obey the call—
A claim! and a petition!
To set before you all.

Away with party blindness,
Away with petty spite!
My claim is one of kindness,
My prayer is one of right;
And while in grace ye listen,
For tenderness, I know
Your eyes shall dim and glisten,
Your hearts shall thrill and glow!

For, on those hearts is written
The spirit of my song—
I claim your love for Britain,
In spite of every wrong!
I claim it for—your mother,
Your sister, and your spouse,
Your father, friend, and brother,
The "Hector" of your vows!

In spite of all the evils
That statesmen ever brew'd,
Or busy printer's devils,
Or Celtic gratitude—
In spite of politicians
And diplomatic fuss,
Your feelings and traditions
Are cordially with us!

O yes! your recollections
Look back with streaming eye
To pour those old affections
On scenes and days gone by;
Your Eagle well remembers
His dear old island nest,
And sorrow stirs the embers
Of love within his breast!

Ah, need I tell of places
You dream and dwell on still?
Those old familiar faces
Of English vale and hill—

The sites you think of, sobbing,
And seek as pilgrims seek,
With brows and bosoms throbbing,
And tears upon your cheek!

Or, should I touch on glories
That date in ages gone,
Those dear historic stories
When England's name was won—
The tales your children thronging
So gladly hear you tell,
And note their father's longing
And love that longing well!

For language, follies, fashions,
Religion, honor, shame,
And human loves and passions,
O, we are just the same;
You, you are England, growing
To continental state,
And we Columbia, glowing
With all that makes you great!

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,
I see your heart is right,
And we will warm each other
With all our loves alight;
In feeling and in reason
My claim is stowed away,
And kissing is in season
For ever and a day!

And now in frank contrition,
O brother mine, give heed,
And hear the just petition
My feeble tongue would plead;
I plead across the waters,
So deeply crimson-stain'd,
For Afric's sons and daughters
Whom freemen hold enchain'd!

I taunt you not unkindly
With ills you didn't make,
I would not wish you blindly
In haste the bond to break;
But tenderly and truly
To file away the chain,
And render justice duly
To man's estate again!

O, judge ye how degrading—
A Christian bought and sold!
And human monsters trading
In human flesh for gold!
When ruthlessly they plunder
Poor Afric's homes defil'd,
And all to sell—asunder!
The mother, and her child.

O free and fearless nation,
Wipe out this damning spot,
Earth's worst abomination,
And nature's blackest blot;
Begin and speed the rather
To help with hand and eye
The children of your Father
Beneath his tropic sky.

He—he who form'd and frees us
And makes us white within,
Who knows how holy Jesus
May love that tinted skin!
For none can tell how darkly
The sun of Jewry shed
Its burning shadows starkly
On Jesus' homeless head!

And lo! one great salvation
Hath burst upon the world,
And God's illumination
Like noonday shines unfurl'd;

Shall bonds or color pale it?

Candace's Eunuch—say—
The first, though black, to hail it,
And love the Gospel day!

Columbia, well I note it,
That half your sons are strong
Against this ill, and vote it
A folly and a wrong;
Yet, lurks there not a lothing,
Ay, with your best-inclin'd,
Against that sable clothing
Of man's own heart and mind?

I charge you by your power,
Your freedom, and your fame,
To speed the blessed hour,
That wipes away this shame:
By all life's hopes and wishes,
And fears beyond the grave,
Renounce these blood-bought riches,
And frankly free the slave!

So let whatever threaten,
While God is on our side,
Columbia and Britain
The world shall well divide—
Divide?—No! in one tether
Of Anglo-Saxon might
We'll hold the world together
In peace, and love, and right!

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

MERE literary excellence in any one is not an inducement sufficiently strong to determine a young lady's mind in regard to changing her position for ever in life. Nor is amiableness of disposition, or gracefulness of person, the only thing that should make one decide this all-important question. A young lady, to be happy in the relation of marriage, or, rather, in order not to be perfectly miserable, must have a soul-mate, as well as a play or a yoke-mate. She must have a husband, whom, before the altar, in the presence of men, and of almighty God, she can cheerfully, fully, and conscientiously promise to love, respect, and obey. The sole circumstance that a man has this or that quality to recommend him to a favorable regard is not enough. Who would not turn away with disgust if a sordid garment were offered her as a present; or who would not recoil with horror from the man who would offer a garment that was infected with the plague? And who, in the right use of the common sense bestowed on her by her Creator, would surrender her own person, blend her own personality, all that she has in her power to give—soul, body, and estate—with the interests of one whose principles were sordid, whose breath was contagious, whose character was tarnished, and whose whole being was against virtue and God? Or who would wish to yield herself to the care and protection of one whose character was only negative in all its particulars; that is, one who, while he did not directly oppose piety, still held out the insignia of indifference and silent contempt for it, and would consider his own self-righteousness quite as acceptable to God, as genuine, heart-felt devotion? The influence of such a man, though not palpably injurious, would, nevertheless, be benumbing; and the heart may be starved, where it is neither stabbed nor poisoned. Take, then, young lady, for your husband, one, who, with all other amiable qualifications, loves God, and who is daily and practically a Christian. Take any other man, and you incur a hazard which may tell for ever upon your personal unhappiness.

NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE, *from the Conquest of Julius Cæsar to the reign of Louis Philippe: with Conversations at the end of each Chapter.* By Mrs. Markham. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a neat, large duodecimo volume, of over six hundred pages. It is written in a very clear, succinct, and entertaining style, and is, in every respect, adapted to communicating, either to the general reader, or to a class of pupils in a literary seminary, a connected idea of the progress of events of which that most remarkable country, France, has been the scene. The present edition has a full and carefully executed map, inserted at the instance of the American editor, Mr. Jacob Abbott, and which is not found in the original work. Quite a plentiful supply of engravings is likewise given as illustrative of the text, some of which are decidedly fine, so far as artistic excellence is concerned. It is to be hoped that the work may have a good sale.

THANKFULNESS: *a Narrative: Comprising Passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple.* By Charles B. Tayler. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The bare title of this work would seem to indicate that it was a fiction. An examination of the work itself will tend essentially, however, to dissipate any such an idea. It is a pungent rebuke, in all its parts, to that unhappy class of community called murmurers. To all such as feel disposed to complain of their hard lot in this world, we would recommend the reading of this volume, as it can scarcely fail to show the absurdity and utter folly of their course.

HISTORY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an octodecimo volume, a copyright work, of near three hundred pages, written in Mr. Abbott's best style. We have read it with special interest, and had designed giving an extract or two for the sake of showing our readers with what interest the work abounds; but our limits forbid any such thing. The volume contains eighteen spirited engravings. A few are exceedingly fine, among which may be specified the View of Edinburg, Dunbarton Castle, on the Clyde, Wemy's Castle, the scene of Mary's first interview with Darnley, Calais, and Mary's Embarkation for Scotland. A fine portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and one of Queen Elizabeth, adorn the work. Let parents get a copy of this history for a New-Year's gift for their children.

THE COURSE OF TIME: *a Poem.* By Robert Pollok, A. M. With an Essay on his Poetical Genius, by James Scott, D. D. New York: Robert Carter.—This is altogether the best edition of the Course of Time ever published in this country. The work itself is large, the type large, and leaded; the spacing good, and the paper clear and heavy. It is just such an edition as will sell, and it is just such a one as people will have in preference to all others. An excellent portrait of the author embellishes the work, a first-rate essay precedes the poem itself, and a full index to the ten books is given at the close of the volume.

THE MARTYR LAMB. By F. W. Krummacher. New York: Robert Carter.—This work proposes a delineation of the character, sufferings, and death of our Savior. It is written in a clear, vivid, and engaging style. Its perusal cannot fail to do both head and heart good.

BLIND MAN'S SON, THE CAVES OF THE EARTH, CHRISTIAN PEACE, OR THE THIRD FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT, BE WISE, BE TRUE, PROCRASTINATION, OR MARIA LOUISA WINSLOW, constitute Nos. 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, and 422, of the Sunday School Library. The first of these books, the Blind Man's Son, or the Poor Student successfully struggling to overcome adversity and misfortune, is possessed of real merit. It is calculated to wake up the slumbering energies of the poor and unfortunate, and it reads a lesson of serious import to those more favored with the gifts of Providence, that "to whom much is given, of him shall much be required." The remaining volumes, though less in size, are not the less worthy of perusal. It is now too late in the day for any one to aver, that the Sabbath school department of the Methodist Episcopal Church is poorly and improperly filled. The matter and price of our Sunday school books are as fair as can possibly be produced by any Church or association of men in the Union. Rev. D. P. Kidder is just the man for the department he occupies, and he is doing good service, both to the Church and the world, in all his editorial labors.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, 1848, is a good number. Dr. M'Clintock enters upon his new work in all real earnestness, and we have no doubt of his success. Several modifications of the Review are mentioned in his editorial, such as giving more attention to philological criticism, Biblical exegesis, and practical subjects, adapted to general reading, and an omission of portraits as heretofore given. The editor designs introducing plates illustrative of the articles written, as being more satisfactory to readers generally. We have not had time carefully to read any of the articles of the present number, but should judge, from a hasty glance, that they were all of an excellent character. Dr. T. E. Bond, jr., J. O'Connell, Esq., Rev. J. Cummings, and Rev. D. Curry, are among the contributors. We wish the Review a large circulation.

THE METHODIST ALMANAC, for 1849. Edited by George Peck, D. D.—Though very late in finding its way west, this periodical is, nevertheless, highly acceptable. It is filled with a large variety of entertaining reading, besides containing a condensed catalogue of the books on sale by the Book Concern.

THE KNICKERBOCKER is welcome as ever.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION is improving in all respects.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is always a rich treat.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT is in keeping with the well-known taste of our Boston friends.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT, under the control of our friend, Rev. J. D. Bridge, is an able work, and deserves a better circulation than it now has among all the clergy of the west.

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY for October contains an article on Madame Guyon. We have not read the number, but it seems well filled.

THE LITERARY REGISTER, published quarterly at Philadelphia, is a capital work.

THE WESTERN LITERARY EMPORIUM has dissolved its connection with Messrs. Barnes and Wellman, its former editors. Its place of publication has also been changed. We wish the new publishers and editors abundant success. It is a deserving periodical.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS, as the reader knows, is the closing number of the current volume of the Ladies' Repository, with which a year's intercourse between writers and readers is terminated.

To the editor, it has been a year of uninterrupted pleasure, health and happiness having been his unmingled portion. Spending a large part of his time abroad, he has enjoyed unusual opportunities of association with all classes of citizens, east, west, and north, under a great variety of circumstances. When away from home, he has never shunned society, but sought it, generally throwing himself into the thickest crowds immediately after his arrival at every point in his course of travels. He has visited nearly every place in the Union, where he had personal friends, and many in which he was personally a stranger. The hasty sketches sent back, from time to time, and given to the public, have scarcely touched on the treasures of incident and experience accumulated by these extensive wanderings, as it seemed better not to draw at all on these new sources of composition, rather than misrepresent them by articles written too hastily to do them justice. They are held in reserve for future opportunities, though the reader must not receive this remark as a very definite promise.

In fact, though we are now at the close of an old year, and naturally looking forward to a new one, we intend to begin it without any positive engagements with our readers, excepting, as always, that we shall strive to do our very best to interest and profit them. One thing we can say with confidence. Having spent so much time, and taken so much pains, to visit the eastern cities, with a constant reference to our next volume, and with a special view to the acquisition of embellishments and correspondents, we feel far better satisfied with the prospects of success for the coming year, than at any time during our editorial labors.

The next volume opens with new type, new paper, new covers, a new order and class of embellishments, new contributors added to the old ones, new departments in our contributed as well as editorial columns, and several new ideas in relation to the manner and matter of our old monthly.

Having circulated so extensively, during the past summer and autumn, among our many patrons, we feel better acquainted with the wants and tastes of the great public, than we ever have felt; and we hope to be able to furnish a greater variety of useful and entertaining matter, to meet far better the peculiar conditions of great masses of the people, than we have done at any former period. We shall not forget, however, in endeavoring to give *variety* to our columns, that there is a certain *harmony* of parts absolutely requisite to any thing like perfection in a periodical publication. There must never be too much, even of a good thing, so as to destroy the general balance of a single number. To maintain such a balance, and thus to give unity and effectiveness to a work brought together from such miscellaneous sources, demands, we know, not only a little more than ordinary invention, but real genius; so that we cannot promise our readers any great success in this particular; but, with a deep conviction of the necessity of this combination of diversity and oneness, we shall do our utmost always to achieve it. We never look with patience on a work of any literary pretensions, whatever be the merit of its contents, which, from the bungling manner of its composition, seems to be thrown together by a sort

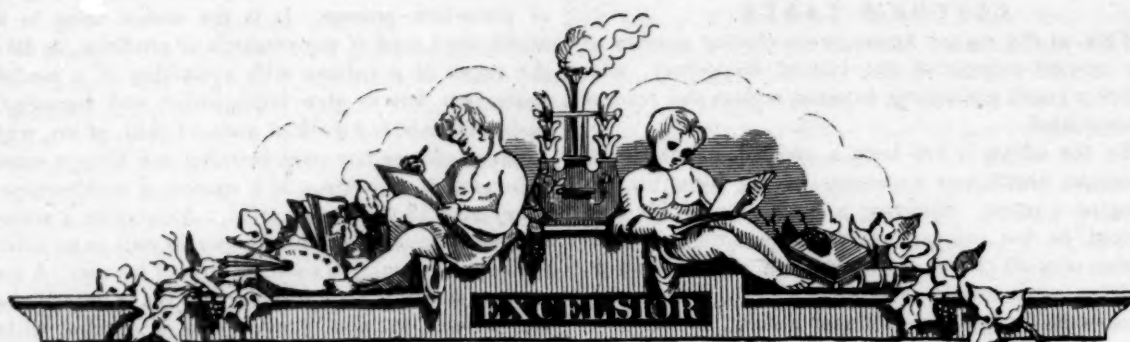
of pitch-fork process. It is the easiest thing in the world, for a man of any research or erudition, to fill up the pages of a volume with something of a readable character; but to give form, order, and harmony to such materials, is a work of taste, of skill, of art, which neither industry nor mere learning can always master. The truth of it is, there is a species of architecture in every work of the human mind. An oration, a sermon, a poem, a book, nay, a newspaper, as well as an edifice, has its architecture, its style, its form of beauty. A mere storm of words is not a sermon; nor is a bundle of chapters a book; so, also, a wild mass of articles, without idea, point, or purpose in their combination, is not a model, at least, of a literary periodical. Its variety must be reduced to harmony, not only in each single number, but for a volume, or it is scarcely worthy of preservation; and the genius, which can always effect this delicate result, is kindred to that class of men, who build Temples, write Iliads, paint Madonnas, and chisel men out of blocks of marble. It is for this reason, in fact, that we can make no promises for the future, only to do the best we are able.

There is not only an architecture in almost every thing, but a certain style of architecture adapted to each great class of intellectual efforts, and to different occasions of the same effort. A funeral sermon, for example, should not be of the Corinthian order, if we may so say; for its light and airy proportions, and boundless ornament, and elaborate delicacy of finish, would be out of keeping with the severe, solemn, simple grandeur demanded by the ruling object. An address to a ladies' sewing circle, on the contrary, would not be well received, perhaps, if presented in the strong and massive proportions of the Doric, or in the absolute simplicity of the Ionic, style of architecture. So with poems, books, and periodicals. A periodical for ladies, especially young ladies, should be more finished, more beautiful, lighter, gayer, than one for crusty old gentlemen. A work like ours, which is read nearly as much by one sex as by the other, and by persons of every age, character, and condition, should be of a very peculiar fashion. It should not follow, perhaps, with absolute rigor, either style. In a word, it should be of the Composite order.

We are, also, satisfied, that no periodical, which embodies a single idea, whether it be education, or science, or philosophy, or even religion abstractly, can possibly live and do good in this age and country. It is for this reason, it seems to us, that so many works devoted exclusively to temperance, to morals, to speculation, or to some single feature or doctrine of religion, have fallen to ruin around us.

We shall, as heretofore, trust for success in our year's labor, to the kindness of an intelligent public. We shall gather in contributions on every variety of useful and entertaining topic—religion, morals, education, literature, philosophy, science, history, poetry, besides all sorts of general and miscellaneous intelligence—binding all together, at the same time, by the one main purpose of doing good to the minds and hearts of our many patrons.

We cordially invite our old friends to try us another year, and hope they will, also, endeavor to aid us personally in extending our circulation. We will weave a crown of roses, and travel any distance, when the balmy spring shall open, to lay it on the head of that fair lady who shall obtain for us the greatest number of subscribers.



THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.

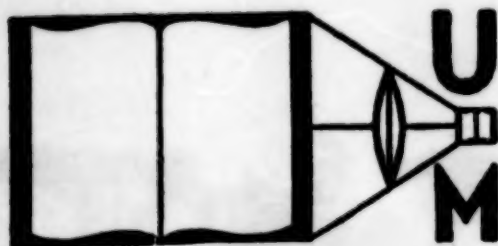
Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers, like a golden robe,
Around the emerald isles.

There in the blue long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
That gem the waves serene
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.



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